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## "BY THE WINTER SEA."



THE long gray reach of the wind-swept beach;  
The morning sunlight's quivering gold;  
The swooping sea-bird's piercing screech,  
And skies all dull and cold.

No sail o'er ocean's leaden waste;  
The waves' unceasing monotone;

A stranded wreck with ice encased,  
Dreary and stark and lone.

And there are hearts that watch and wait  
For those who toil upon the shore:  
Their welcome footstep at the gate  
Is heard—ah, nevermore!

And hardy cheeks, unblanched by fear,  
Grow sad when gentle thoughts of home  
Awake the soft and glistening tear  
That will unbidden come.

Stout hearts! a lesson brave ye teach  
Beside your scanty, cheerless fire,  
While thundering waves upon the beach  
Sweep down in wintry ire.

Oh, still upon the icy gale  
That voice of grief is borne to me,  
And whispers in my ear a tale  
Of wrecks far out at sea!

GEORGE COOPER.

## MORTON HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

### CHAPTER III.—PAULINE MORTON.

If Mr. Warwick had announced the entire destruction of Tallahoma and all its inhabitants by an earthquake, there scarcely could have ensued a more astonished pause than followed the utterance of that name. For the full space of a minute, an entire silence reigned around the table—a silence which Mrs. Marks was, of course, the first to break.

"You have seen Pauline Morton, John?"

"Yes," answered he, laconically.

"Is she in town?"

"She was in town, or else I could not have seen her."

"But, bless my soul!" cried Mr. Marks, "where did she come from, Warwick?—when did you see her?"

"Of course she came from Europe. I saw her as she passed through Tallahoma, this afternoon, late."

"Well, tell us all about it," cried his sister, a little impatient at these brief replies. "What is the use of doling out news like this? Tell us how she looked, and what she said, and where she is going, and what she means by coming back here?"

"Did you happen to see a travelling-carriage pass here about dusk, laden with trunks, dogs, and monkeys?"

At this question there rose a shout from the children—the eager little pitchers, whose eyes and ears were open to all that was going on.

"We did! Uncle John, we did! And a pretty lady, and a little boy in it, too."

"Yes," said Uncle John, quietly. "That was Pauline Morton, on her way to Morton House."

"To Morton House?" repeated Mr. Marks. "Then Shields, at least, must have known that she was coming."

Again Mr. Warwick shook his head. "No. Shields was in my office this morning about that business of a trespass on the land; and I will answer for it that he had as little idea of seeing the owner of the land as you or I might have had! Besides, she told me that she had not announced her coming to any one."

"And yet you say she went to Morton House?"

"Straight to Morton House,—Heaven help poor Shields's brain this night!"

"Surely you must have mistaken," urged Mr. Marks. "Surely she went to Annesdale—her own first cousin's, you know."

Mr. Warwick shrugged his shoulders. "I should think you would remember how little love there was between her and her first cousin, of old."

"I remember," cried Mrs. Marks, "and I am sure that Pauline Morton would never go uninvited to Mrs. Annesley's house. But oh, John, she could not have gone to Morton House to stay to-night!—why, think of those beds that nobody has slept in for twenty years!"

"Twenty years or not, she meant to do it; and I don't think there's a doubt but that she has done it. Twenty years! Can it be really twenty years since she went away, Bessie?"

"Twenty years this past summer," said Mrs. Marks, decidedly. "I remember the very day. Did her brother come back, John?—and surely her husband is with her?"

"Her brother, she tells me, is dead. She did not mention her husband; but I judge that she is a widow."

"And she came alone?"

"With the exception of a child and a servant, quite alone."

"Her brother dead!" repeated Mr. Marks, whose somewhat slow ears this last item had just reached. "There must be some mistake about that, John—you must have misunderstood her, or his death has happened very lately. It is not more than a few weeks since Shields showed me a letter he had just received from him."

"I only know that she is in deep mourning," Mr. Warwick answered; "and that, when I glanced at her dress, she said—or, if she didn't say, she intimated—that it was for her brother she was wearing it."

"It is very strange," said Mr. Marks, reflectively. "He must have dropped off like his Uncle Paul; for all the rest of the Mortons that ever I heard of were very long-lived people. She did not mention his complaint, did she?"

"No. She said very little—in fact, I saw her for a few minutes only."

"But her looks, John!" cried Mrs. Marks, with a woman's curiosity on this important subject. "Is she as handsome as ever?"

"How do most women look, Bessie, when a gap of twenty years separates them from youth?"

"Why, rather the worse for wear," answered Mrs. Marks, with a glance toward her own face, as reflected in the burnished coffee-pot. "But I cannot imagine Pauline Morton any less beautiful than when I saw her last."

"You had better not see her again, then."

"Has she changed so dreadfully?"

"She is the wreck—the ghost, as I told the children—of her former self."

"Dear, dear! to think of it! But she has been married, has she not?"

"Certainly. I told you she had a child with her."

"And whom did she marry? You know there were all sorts of reports at the time—people said she had married a count, or some such person."

"Which was as true as reports generally are. Pauline Morton has come back as Mrs. Gordon."

"Mrs. what?"

"Gordon. Did you ever hear the name before—in connection with her, I mean?"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Marks, with a decision which rather surprised the governess, sitting by in profound ignorance of the subject under discussion. "I heard that she had married some nobleman, and that she lived in Europe in grand style; and—and—for her to come back like this, to a place she always hated! Oh, John, I don't believe it!"

"That's just as you please," Mr. Warwick answered, rising and walking to the fire. "I assure you, I have the name on her own authority; and, as for those ridiculous stories of counts and the like, of course no sensible person ever credited them. I remember hearing that she had married an officer in the English army; and, no doubt, this is, or was, the man.—Miss Tresham, did you see the carriage this afternoon?"

"Yes; and the lady also," Katharine answered. "I had only a glimpse of her face, but it struck me very much. Does she belong to the Morton House where the children and I go to walk almost every evening?"

"Morton House belongs to her," Mr. Marks answered, dryly. "I am afraid, if she has come back for good, your walks are at an end, Miss Kate."

"Oh!" cried the children, in chorus. "Can't we go to Morton House any more, and make Ponto chase rabbits in the garden? Oh, papa, why not?"

"Don't you hear why not?" asked Mrs. Marks, a little sharply—"don't you hear that the person who owns Morton House has come back to live in it? Now hush—or I will call Letty and send you straight to bed!—John, dear, you haven't told us yet where you met—Mrs. Gordon."

"Haven't I?" said Mr. Warwick, a little wearily—he was evidently

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tired of it is not and was of which curiously, face, that made a s I was sha He pa his sister' hears no "The are!" An more chan "Why "You when it wa by my car much char back to M my surpris —but she her black in the wor 'Yes,' she shake hand a splendi to me—no Dick. Afte she wishd hand, sayin hear, Bessi Morton." "Good "It was being more effect which turned so But she on saying: "T been a long many recoll drove off. Bessie, I ho to smoke a Mrs. Ma further que So she only husband. "You la I did not be do you say "Why, e up from the in peace. "hankering at ago; and th "Oh, my the bell for and go to be The child what was ne mony, and fil red-and-yello riot in the nu cincts from v was quite eq the higher po Meanwhile either the affections—at had several t "Those s papers, Bessi

tired of the subject that was still so absorbing to his sister. "Well, it is not much to tell, Bessie. I left my office at dusk, this evening, and was on my way to the post-office to get the mail, when the carriage of which I spoke came down the street. I glanced at it a little curiously, wondering where it was going at that time of day, when a face, that I should have recognized among a thousand, looked out, and made a sign to the driver to stop. Before I knew what I was about, I was shaking hands with Pauline Morton."

He paused, with a half smile at the expression of eager interest on his sister's face; but, notwithstanding the smile, more than one of his hearers noticed that it cost him an effort to resume.

"The first thing I remember was her saying, 'How changed you are!' And I looked at her, and answered, 'I am sure I cannot be more changed than you are.'"

"Why, John!" cried Mrs. Marks, reproachfully.

"You think that was rather plain speaking? I thought so myself when it was too late to recall the words. But she did not seem offended by my candor. She only smiled a little, and said, 'Yes, I am very much changed—you will believe that when I tell you that I have come back to Morton to live.' I don't know what I said—something about my surprise, probably; for I was surprised, as you may well imagine—but she repeated the statement, and then, noticing that I looked at her black dress, she added: 'My poor brother!—you see I am all alone in the world.' 'Excepting,' said I, glancing at the child opposite. 'Yes,' she answered, quietly, 'excepting him.' Then she told him to shake hands with one of his mother's old friends; and the boy, who is a splendid-looking little fellow, held out his hand at once, and spoke to me—no hanging of the head, and putting the finger in the mouth, Dick. After a few more words, his mother said they must go on, as she wished to reach Morton House before night. So she held out her hand, saying she would be glad to see me; and you will be shocked to hear, Bessie, that, in responding to the invitation, I called her Miss Morton."

"Good gracious!"

"It was very thoughtless, and, of course, I began a hasty apology, being more annoyed at my awkward mistake from perceiving the effect which it produced upon her. First she flushed, and then she turned so pale that for a minute I thought she was going to faint. But she only gasped for breath a little, and cut short my apology by saying: 'There is nothing to excuse. I am very foolish; but it has been a long time since I heard that name, and it brought back so many recollections—just here. I am Mrs. Gordon now.' Then she drove off. And now that you have heard all that I know myself, Bessie, I hope you have no objection to my going out on the piazza to smoke a cigar."

Mrs. Marks would willingly have detained him for the purpose of further questioning; but she had an instinct that it would be useless. So she only watched him as he left the room, and then turned to her husband.

"You laughed at me several years ago, Richard, when I said that I did not believe John would ever forget Pauline Morton. Pray what do you say now?"

"Why, exactly what I said then," answered Mr. Marks, looking up from the paper which he thought he should never be left to read in peace. "I say that Warwick is much too sensible a man to be hankering after a woman he was in love with more than twenty years ago; and that—"

"Oh, my dear, hush a moment!—Miss Tresham, will you touch the bell for Letty?—Now, children, say good-night to your father, and go to bed; it is after eight o'clock."

The children were evidently well drilled. They were dying to hear what was next to be said; but they went through the good-night ceremony, and filed off obediently, when a tall negro-woman, in a bright red-and-yellow turban, appeared at the door. It is true, there was a riot in the nursery that night; but no sound of it reached the precincts from which the young insurgents had been banished, for Letty was quite equal to the emergency herself, without invoking aid from the higher powers.

Meanwhile Mr. Marks obstinately declined to canvass any further either the arrival of Pauline Morton or the state of Mr. Warwick's affections—at least until he had finished that article from which he had several times been so ruthlessly torn.

"Those subjects will keep for some night when I haven't got any papers, Bessie," he said, to his wife's infinite indignation—an indig-

nation which she forthwith manifested by taking herself and her sewing over to Miss Tresham's side.

"You never heard much about the Mortons, did you, my dear?" she asked, after admiring the pretty braiding that Katharine was putting on an apron for Nelly.

"I never heard anything," the young governess answered, "excepting that they owned Morton House and lived abroad."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Marks, with something of a sigh; "people don't talk much about things that happened twenty years ago. But oh, my dear, if you could only have seen Morton House when the Mortons lived there, and when Pauline was in her prime! Such troops of servants as they had! such splendid horses! such furniture and such grounds! Why, you can see for yourself, even now, how magnificent the grounds were!"

"They must have been very beautiful when they were kept up," said Katharine, "and they are certainly very extensive."

"I should think so, indeed! Why, there used to be fifteen acres in gardens alone! I remember, when I was a girl, going to a camp-meeting once, where one of the preachers said that the best idea of heaven he could give was that it would be even more beautiful than the grounds of Morton House."

"Why did its owners leave it?"

"Ah, you may well ask! But it was all Pauline's fault. She was so beautiful and so proud that she scorned everybody and every thing here. She was never satisfied unless the house was full of strange company from the cities, and at last she told her parents that she would rather die than live in the backwoods. So her parents, who would have tried to get the stars for her if she had wanted them, left their beautiful home and went to Europe—never to come back, as it turned out."

"Did none of them ever come back?" asked Katharine, becoming rather interested.

"None of them ever came back—until to-day. There was a young brother—only one—who grew up in Europe; and I have heard that he laughed at the idea of returning to America to live. He must have spent money at a dreadful rate after his father's death; for Mr. Shields told John that the crops were always mortgaged before they went into market, and we heard, not long ago, that the house itself was to be sold. If that had been the case, I expect Mr. Annesley would have bought it."

"Why? Is he—"

"A relation? Oh, yes. His mother was a Morton, and as handsome and proud as all the rest of them. She was poor, though, for her father squandered every cent he had. But her uncle always treated her exactly as his own daughter, and people say he settled a very good sum on her when she married. She and Pauline were raised together like sisters; but they never liked each other. I don't know which was in fault; but they made no secret of the matter. For my part, I rather took Pauline's side, though most people were on Elinor's; but Pauline was very generous, with all her pride, and I don't think she ever made her cousin feel her dependence. They even say that Mr. Annesley was Pauline's admirer, and only went over to Elinor after he was rejected. Then there's—O John, how you startled me!"

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Warwick, who had come in upon them unawares; "but I have been waiting some time for a chance to speak, and, as you seemed determined not to give me one, I was obliged to take it.—Miss Tresham, I wonder if you will excuse me when I tell you that I have just found a letter of yours in my pocket, which was left there through the joint carelessness of Katy and myself, and might have been lost?"

The girl looked up at him wonderingly.

"A letter for me, Mr. Warwick? You must be mistaken."

"How often am I to hear that to-night?" he asked, smiling. "I think, if you will look at this address, you will acknowledge that, with all my stupidity, I have hardly made a mistake."

He laid a letter down on the table before Katharine, who either would not or could not hold out her hand to receive it—a letter written on thin foreign paper, stamped with a foreign post-mark, and bearing her own name in clear, legible address.

Not so clear and legible, however, but that it swam before her eyes as she bent over it; and John Warwick was startled by the pallor of the face that raised itself, and by the anguish-stricken tone of the voice that cried out, as if unconsciously:

"Oh, if you had but lost it! if you had but lost it!"



## CHAPTER IV.—WHAT MRS. ANNESLEY DID.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the excitement prevailing in Tallahoma—Tallahoma, which was very stagnant just at that time, for want of something to talk about, and which was blessed beyond its most sanguine expectations in the arrival of Mrs. Gordon. The news of that arrival spread rapidly through the village; and, while Mr. Warwick was telling his story at the Marks's tea-table, it would be hard to say how many other tea-tables were entertained by different renditions of the same facts. True, there was a very general and unsatisfactory haziness concerning the why and wherefore that had brought back the wanderer's steps, concerning her intentions, or even her appearance. But, then, these things promised an abundant harvest of gossip for the future; and all-absorbing for to-night was the simple fact that Pauline Morton had returned.

But on the morrow, after there was time for reflection, after the news had spread through the county, after the first shock of surprise was over, and people looked each other gravely in the face, they began to ask, How had she returned?

The answer was not long in coming. She had gone away in the flush of her youth and beauty, guarded by her parents, and with all the pomp of style and attendance which wealth could secure. She returned alone and unattended, with no husband to guard, no brother to protect, no friend to vouch for her—no word of warning, no single order of preparation! She came to her childhood's home and her childhood's friends with no pleasant stir and bustle of happy arrival, but silently and unexpectedly, more like an outcast seeking shelter than a daughter claiming her rightful heritage. Other people besides Mrs. Marks remembered when the Mortons had gone away, and, contrasting that departure with this return, almost involuntarily shook their heads. The first impulse of the world is always to distrust mystery. "Something is wrong," they said; and many of them said it the more readily because Pauline Morton had been one of those shining marks which envy loves, and because in her proud youth she had rather provoked than conciliated such a feeling.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether any state of society has ever existed since "Adam delved and Eve span," when those who were subordinate in the scale of worldly advantage have not felt a sort of carping dislike, and at times a bitter enmity, toward the few whom chance or fortune has elevated above them: We can imagine how the rabble of Athens spoke of Pericles and Alcibiades; we can conceive that hatred which from first to last the Roman plebeians bore their patrician masters; we can guess how bitterly the serfs and retainers, the scorned burghers, and oppressed Jews, spoke in bated whispers of the great feudal lords; we can read how often and how fiercely the great unknown have lashed themselves into fury against some class, some order, or some individual that birth, merit, or circumstance, rendered illustrious; and we can well believe that the same envy which we see manifested in a dozen petty instances every day, the same envy which was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just—has been the great moving spring of many of earth's revolutions, and is equally the moving spring of half the ill-nature and more than half the ill-speaking of the world. To make a small application of a wide truism, it was certainly the moving spring of most of the ebullitions of spiteful spleen in which for many years Lagrange had permitted itself to indulge regarding the Mortons. People more generous, more frank, or more hospitable, than these Mortons, it would be hard to find; but they were of good blood, and very proud of their descent; they were immensely wealthy, and spent their wealth liberally. These two facts were amply sufficient to excite that alloy of popular dislike which otherwise their many good qualities—qualities that even envy could not deny—might have disarmed. Not that they were unpopular in the general sense of the term; not that men denied their genial uprightness of character, or failed to respect them as only the honorable are respected. But they were too prosperous! The world and the things of the world went well with them; Fortune favored them in all their undertakings, while those who were less lucky could only look on and wonder why and how it was. They kept great state, and, although some of the best blood of the country was to be found in Lagrange, still there was no family that quite ranked with the Mortons, to whose wealth and enterprise Lagrange was indebted for much of its prosperity. The oldest and by far the most stately residence of the county was the house which had been built by the representative man of the line—one Hugh Morton of

three generations back. The village of Tallahoma had begun its existence merely as the post-office of this house; and the same house had been for many years the centre of such a lavish and refined hospitality that its reputation spread far and wide throughout the entire State.

Considering their social importance, then, it was no wonder that all Lagrange was thrown into a commotion when it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Morton were going to Europe, ostensibly for their son's education, but really to gratify their daughter's whim—the daughter who was accustomed to say that life in America was worse than death, who panted for the rush and fever of the Old World as ambitious men pant for fame, and to whom it was solely due that her indulgent parents went abroad, leaving their noble home to pass into decay while they dwelt in Parisian hotels and Neapolitan villas. She had the more easily compassed her point because there was no one of sufficient moral force to resist her. Some men—most men, in fact—would have been utterly lost in the *dilettante* existence thus forced upon them; but her father was just the exceptional man who enjoyed it. If he had been born among the lower classes in Spain or Italy, he would have spent his life on a door-step basking in the sun; and, as it was, he spent it in morally doing the same thing. He was frank and generous to a fault; but he was intensely indolent, pleasure-loving when the pursuit of pleasure did not involve too much trouble, and fond of ease and luxury to an almost womanly degree. Mrs. Morton, for her part, was bound up in her daughter's wishes and her daughter's triumphs, with a great sympathy for both, and a great liking herself for the things that were so attractive to Pauline. The only son was a mere child. So, with none to put an obstacle in her path, Pauline's impetuous will carried the day. The desire of her heart was granted her, as the desires of our hearts are rarely granted to us here on earth; and, when she took her life in her own hands and went her way, it was as some gallant ship sails away from a familiar harbor to cruise in unknown seas, where happiness and fortune may be attainable, but where shipwreck and disaster are much more likely to be encountered.

For some time after the departure of the voluntary exiles, fragmentary news came back of their wanderings; of their cordial recognition by the English relatives they had partly gone to seek; of Pauline's fresh triumphs; and of their glittering life in foreign cities. But all this was very vaguely told, and soon ceased altogether—fifty years ago the country-districts of America were farther removed from such scenes than is the interior of China to-day. Soon all tidings of the Mortons ceased, and before long the Mortons themselves might have been forgotten, had not the house which bore their name and seemed gloomily mourning them, stood as a perpetual reminder of their existence. Only at long intervals certain items of intelligence still gratified the gossips of Lagrange. First came the tidings of Mr. Morton's death; then news of Pauline's marriage to some one, who was variously represented of every imaginable nationality and rank; and, lastly, the announcement of her mother's death. Then silence fell, silence complete and unbroken, although the county leader of fashion, handsome Mrs. Annesley, was first cousin to the surviving brother and sister, had been reared in their father's house, and married from it. But everybody knew that Pauline had never liked her cousin, and that it was a happy day for both when Edgar Annesley (who was killed in a duel a few years later) took his bride from the door of Morton House.

Remembering all these things, a thrill of intense interest and surprise ran through the county when Lagrange heard of Pauline Morton's return. There was not a family of good rank within its borders that did not own some connection of blood or ancient friendship with Morton; and not a family, therefore, which was not personally interested in this unexpected arrival. Still even these people paused and looked at each other full of doubt. If Pauline Morton had come back among them with the state which, to their imagination, was always associated with the name; if she had thrown open the old hospitable doors, and lighted up once more the old hospitable rooms; if she had bidden her friends around her, and asked their welcome with the matchless grace they still remembered—they would have been the last people in the world to question whence she came, or why she chose to shroud her past life in mystery. But the singularity of her course awakened in them the first chill of suspicion. Why come back in this way to her own house? Why write no letters? Why give no warning to the friends who had a right to know of her inten-

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tion? Why ask no aid from their support, she coming back so strangely alone to claim her old position? Why offer no explanation of her marriage and widowhood? Why think that her old acquaintances would take for granted the twenty years passed away from them—the twenty years in which she might have climbed any height, or plunged into any depth, unknown to them? Truly it was no wonder that the elders among them shook their heads; and truly it did not look as if Pauline Morton had come back to win any very warm welcome from her kinsfolk and friends.

Yet among the former class was one person at least to whom no neutral position was possible, one person on whom the burden of positive action was incumbent, and from whom every obligation of gratitude that the world counts binding commanded a speedy and cordial welcome to the returned wanderer. This person was Mrs. Annesley; and yet her worst enemy—if, indeed, the handsome, charming lady owned any enemies—could not have contrived for her a more disagreeable surprise than the news of her cousin's arrival proved. When she heard the particulars of this arrival, she turned very pale; and then—went to bed with one of those bad nervous attacks which always stood her in such good stead when an unpleasant exertion was demanded, or an unpleasant duty was to be performed. She deplored this necessity very pathetically; and assured the friends who came to see her that she was especially sorry because she could not go at once to meet and welcome "dear Pauline." But these friends were by no means obtuse; they understood the matter perfectly, and told each other when they went out that it was evident Mrs. Annesley felt very awkwardly about meeting her cousin, and that they did not wonder at it.

"It is unfortunate that I should be ill just at this time," Mrs. Annesley said to her daughter, Mrs. French—a pretty, fashionable-looking girl two or three years younger than her brother Morton, and lately married—on the evening of the day when these visits had been paid. "I certainly ought to see Pauline at once, and it is quite impossible for me to do so. Yet people will be sure to think it very strange."

"Mrs. Raynor told me to-day that everybody is waiting to see what you mean to do," Mrs. French answered. "If I were you, mamma, I would let them wait. A woman who comes back like this does not deserve any consideration."

"I am not thinking of her," said Mrs. Annesley, truthfully enough.

It was a little before dark, and the mother and daughter were quite alone in the chamber of the former. With the outside world it was still daylight, but here the shades of twilight had already gathered, deepening in all the nooks and corners of the room, and only dissipated by the ruddy glow which a bright wood-fire cast over the polished furniture and the softly-tinted walls. On one side of the hearth sat Mrs. Annesley in a deep arm-chair. Her cashmere dressing-gown, her dainty lace cap, and her velvet slippers, were all perfect; for she had made a tasteful invalid toilet in expectation of those compassionate visitors who had just departed. Opposite, and if possible in a still more luxurious attitude, Mrs. French was sitting—the firelight flickering over her silk dress, and glancing back from her gold *châtelaine*. She had been busy with some netting; but the rose-colored web had dropped in her lap, her hands were loosely folded over it, and her eyes were roving absently from the fire to her mother, and from her mother to the heavily-draped windows that commanded a view of the lawn before the house, and the belt of dark shrubbery beyond. Finally, she said, languidly:

"It is a good thing that Morton is away."

"It is a most fortunate thing," answered Mrs. Annesley, with energy. "Morton is so Quixotic in his ideas that there really is no counting on him, and he is so unfortunately straightforward that he cannot understand the delicate management which some things require. I am sure he would give me trouble if he were here—so I agree with you, Adela—it is a good thing that Mr. French wrote for him just now."

"It will be at least a fortnight before he can get back," said Adela, who had been making some calculation of time and distance while her mother spoke. "Perhaps it may be longer, if Frank decides to come with him, as I hope he will. Then I shall keep him here until I am ready to go back to Mobile."

"It is very provoking that you should need to go back," said Mrs. Annesley, pettishly. "I shall never be satisfied until you are settled

in Lagrange. If I could only carry out my plans! If you could only live here—"

"Frank would never consent to it, mamma," interrupted Adela, placidly. "He says, very truly, that Morton will be marrying some day, and, of course, bringing his wife here; and, then, the arrangement would never do."

"Of course, there could be no question of it under those circumstances—that is, if Morton decided to make this place his home," said Mrs. Annesley. "But that was not my plan, Adela, as you very well know."

"I know you thought of Morton House for him, and Annesdale for us. That would certainly be very nice. But I suppose we must give up all hope of it now."

"That remains to be seen," answered Mrs. Annesley, quickly. "It is almost beyond patience," she went on, "that this woman should come back now to defeat all my plans. Every thing was so well arranged. Alfred Morton was perfectly willing to sell the house, and Morton could well afford to give even the exorbitant price he asked. It is true that for the same amount he could have bought the finest plantation in the State; but then no other place could be to him like that—his great-grandfather's house. Nobody knows how my heart has always been set on this. Ever since Morton was a child, I have counted on seeing him owner of Morton House. It seemed to me it would even make amends for all I once endured in that house, to know that my son was master there. And now this kind cousin, who always hated me, has come back—simply to disappoint my wishes."

"It would be very nice," said Adela, whose mind was still bent on the arrangement, as it affected her own comfort. "Frank and I could settle here, and I need not trouble myself any more about his disagreeable relations in Mobile. Morton could marry Irene Vernon, and live in that tumble-down old barn that you have such a fancy for; and you could have your rooms at both places, and visit between us, just as you liked. It is a pity that one of your cousins took it into his head to die, and the other one to come back just now."

"Gordon!" said Mrs. Annesley, slowly; "Gordon! I am confident that I once heard the name of the man Pauline Morton married; and, if I could recall it now, it might be worth remembering. I am almost sure—as sure as I can be of any thing which did not dwell positively on my mind—that it was not Gordon."

"Goodness, mamma! Has she come back under a false name?"

"I am not certain, of course; but my own impression is that she has. Don't mention it, though, Adela. People are talking enough about her already, and we need not circulate a fact which undoubtedly looks very badly."

"You may be sure, mamma, that nobody ever acts as she is acting without some reason for it."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Mrs. Annesley, with a sudden flash of something like triumph in her eyes. "But it does not surprise me in the least—nothing that I could hear of her would surprise me. Her pride and insolence were so great that they paved a fall for themselves. Times have changed, Adela; you don't know how strangely it makes me feel to realize that twenty-five years ago Pauline Morton was the queen of Lagrange, and to-day it is doubtful whether there is a single person of good position in the county who will move an inch to welcome her."

"It all depends on you," said Adela, in her languid way. "Mrs. Raynor told me that. She says that everybody is in doubt what to do, and they mean to wait and see how you will act."

"There, again, times have changed," said Mrs. Annesley, gazing into the fire. "Twenty-five years ago I was the dependent cousin whom Pauline Morton barely tolerated; and to-day it seems that here, in her own home, the question of her social recognition depends on me."

"It depends on you how people will receive her," said the matter-of-fact Adela. "If I were you, mamma, I would let her see this, and then—you might perhaps make your own terms, and get Morton House after all."

Mrs. Annesley gave her daughter a glance, and laughed a little.

"You are tolerably quick-witted, Adela, and would make a pretty good diplomatist. Certainly, I don't owe Pauline much, in the way of a good turn; and certainly, also, the advantages of the situation are on my side now. If Morton is not the owner of Morton House yet, you may be sure that it will not be my fault. By-the-by, did Mrs.

Raynor tell you any thing of those reports we heard about Pauline several years ago?"

"Nothing at all, mamma, for she did not seem to know any thing. She said there had been reports, but that they were very vague, and she had never been able to make much out of them. She said, also, that you would not speak of them; but she was sure you knew more about the matter than anybody else."

"She is mistaken," said Mrs. Annesley; "I know nothing about it. How or with whom the reports originated, I cannot tell; and, simply because I did not choose to contradict them, people took it for granted that I believed them and was well acquainted with all the particulars."

"I expect you looked as if you believed them. That is a way you have, mamma."

"I certainly could not look as if I did not believe them, when they were so entirely in keeping with Pauline Morton's character," answered Mrs. Annesley, a little coldly. "She was always imprudent and reckless to the last degree. If she has learned wisdom, it has been since she left Lagrange.—Will you ring the bell there, Adela? I must order some chocolate for my supper; coffee keeps me awake, and is bad for my nerves."

The bell was rung; the chocolate was ordered; the servant who received the order delivered a message to Mrs. French about some household matter which demanded her presence down-stairs; and, with the regretful sigh of an indolent person, the lady tore herself from her comfortable lounging-place, and departed. The door had scarcely closed on her, when Mrs. Annesley rose and walked to the window. The dusk had fallen by this time, and she could not do more than distinguish the outlines of the familiar objects before her—the piazzas and wings of the house, the graceful trees and well-trimmed shrubs that were scattered over the gently-sloping lawn. Every thing at Annesdale was in the most perfect taste; but every thing was undisguisedly new, and just now Mrs. Annesley's heart was longing for something which was old. Her husband had begun, and she herself had completed, the house in which she stood; yet, charming as it was in every appliance of luxury and comfort, her perverse fancy went back to the stately rooms, dark and mellow with age, where her youth had been passed. She looked steadfastly out of the window, over the trees and shrubbery which her own hand had planted, beyond the dark woods and broad fields, until she saw—in imagination—the noble oaks of Morton House, and the tall chimneys, from which, for the first time in twenty years, the smoke of household fires was curling upward. Then her brows contracted in a slight frown—a frown not sufficiently marked to darken the handsome face, or give a severe aspect to its smooth lines. "Times are changed," she said, once more, but this time only half aloud. "Will she recognize that as plainly as I do, I wonder? Will she see that, indeed, the advantage is with me now, and that it is for me to decide whether Pauline Morton—the beauty, the heiress, the belle of Lagrange, twenty-five years ago—shall not be a social outlaw in Lagrange to-day? whether, six months hence, Morton House shall not be in my Morton's hands?"

Before long, Mrs. French came back, and found her mother sitting as quietly as ever beside the hearth, in the dim, fire-lighted apartment. The two ladies spent the evening together, and, when they separated for the night, the last thing Mrs. Annesley told her daughter was that her inconvenient illness would at least serve one good purpose, in enabling her to see what other people meant to do in the case of her cousin.

Several days elapsed. Then she found that Mrs. Raynor was right, and that other people had made up their minds to the same masterly policy of inaction which she herself had been practising. So, urged partly by this fact, and partly by a growing fear of her son's return, she became suddenly convalescent, thought a drive might benefit her, and ordered the carriage.

"I won't ask you to accompany me, Adela," she said to Mrs. French. "If I should go to Morton House, the meeting would, of course, be very painful on both sides, and had better be as private as possible. Besides, I don't care to draw you into a connection that may prove a very awkward one. Frank might object to it."

"Frank is not of any importance," said Frank's wife, carelessly. "But I wouldn't think of such a thing as going—not for the world! I hate disagreeable people, and this Pauline Morton must be very disagreeable. Don't tell her I am here, mamma—I beg you, don't do that!"

"I am not sure that I shall go to Morton House," said Mrs. Annesley. "It depends on how I feel," she added, gravely, as she went down the piazza-steps and entered the carriage which was drawn up before them. "Mrs. Taylor's, John," she said to the coachman, who stood waiting his orders. And, as the carriage drove off, Adela, who was still on the piazza, saw her lean back and put her *vinaigrette* to her nostrils.

Her point of destination was not more than two or three miles from Annesdale; so she had not time to feel her nerves in any unpleasant degree before the mettled horses swept up to a red-brick house, set in the midst of a bright-green lawn, with a brilliant hedge on either side, and an ornate fence in front. Here the languid invalid was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Taylor and some half-dozen daughters, whose ages ranged from fifteen to thirty, and whose ugliness was from comparative to superlative degree. Mrs. Taylor was a widow; her daughters were all unmarried; and, since country-life is stagnant at best, and a large household composed exclusively of women must certainly bestow its energies upon some employment, the Taylors, mother and daughters, were widely famed for devoting themselves, like the Athenians of old, to "telling and hearing something new." Their house was the headquarters of all news (reliable or otherwise) which was afloat in Lagrange, and the mint where all reports were stamped for current circulation. If Mrs. Annesley had wished to put her finger on the public pulse, and feel how strong or how feeble were its beats on the Morton question, she could not have chosen a better place for the purpose.

Perhaps this had been her intention. At all events, when she left the red-brick mansion behind, and was on the high-road, she gave the order, "Morton House."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANNETTE LORN.

THE windows of my quiet little domicile in Thirty-fourth Street look out in the rear diagonally across on Seventh Avenue, and I have only to settle myself in my arm-chair by the window of my study, and contemplate at my ease a peculiar phase of character and mode of life; for tenement-houses of the better class stretch along Seventh Avenue to Thirty-fifth Street, through whose open windows I can glance and see the inner-life of the occupants.

One day, several months ago, when I first commenced my studies of social life in the Seventh Avenue, I noticed one window in particular, where, on a projecting ledge, scarlet geraniums and pink-and-white roses bloomed, and where rude boxes were covered with running flowers and trailing moss until they looked like pyramids of freshness and greenery. I was often attracted to this window, and I noticed that the curtains were always scrupulously clean, and the bit of bed which showed from the window had pillows of snowy white.

Now and then a pretty brunette appeared at the window, sometimes looking bright and *riant*, and anon with a shade of deep sadness on the piquant face, with its full red lips and *nez retroussé*.

One day, too, I heard a clear young voice, as it floated on the still evening air, singing an old French *chanson*. My thoughts flew back instantly to the French *pension*, where I was once one of those prisoners politely known as parlor-boarders, and where one of the governesses used to sing the same air. She had learned it in her own sunny Provence, in the days when René, her dark-eyed lover, had given her the string of beads, "of pure gold, mademoiselle," to hang on the shrine of her patron, Saint Agnes. Vain propitiation! René died behind the Paris barricades, in the fatal days of the *coup d'état*, and the loved one was a little wizened old maid, with one green spot in her heart—his memory, kept fresh and watered by her tears.

I had seen her sit in the still twilight, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, singing the song which brought back her youth and love again. It had affected me much, and now, when I heard the pretty brunette singing it at the window, I listened eagerly, while the young voice trilled and thrilled like a bird's. It did not sound sadly when she sung it. It seemed as if the voice of hope breathed through the fresh red lips. Ere the song died away it was taken up, and a deep, manly bass added itself to the air.

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sessed the charm of youth and freshness. I could not see the man, but I concluded, on a venture, that he was the lover of the pretty brunette. I got up a vague interest in her, and it is so seldom I am interested in any thing between heaven and earth, that it was quite a boon to me.

I don't see how a woman can exist without women friendships; but, beyond a few "called and chosen," I don't take violently to my own sex. When I do take a fancy of this sort, however, I have it "awful bad."

The little brunette interested me, and, as long as she did so, what mattered it whether she were patrician or plebeian, princess or pariah? I can't imagine any situation in life where it could possibly pay to be bored, and these "high people" do occasionally bore one fearfully.

I wondered what made the face in the window, so bright naturally, wear sometimes such a shade of sadness, and I wished that I could waft some charm through the air to drive that shade away.

Of what avail are clairvoyance, and magnetism, and spiritualism, if they cannot give us power to lift the shadows from one human heart?

One day, through my little blue-velvet opera-glass, I saw the girl busily engaged over a table with some white fabric, and, looking still closer, I found she was fluting.

How fortunate! She flutes, and I want some fluting done.

That afternoon, when I went out to get a paper of pins, or to buy a new neck-ribbon, or some one or other of the glorious ends and aims with which we women employ our minds, while our brothers, with no more intellect than ourselves, are making and losing millions, and deciding the fate of nations—when I went out on one of these tremendous errands, I stepped round to the Seventh Avenue, and, passing by the array of party-colored garments, breeches, coats, hats, petticoats, dangling in wild confusion before the everlasting old clothes-shop, I went to the side-door, and asked a clean, sharp-faced woman who was mopping up the staircase, who "did fluting" in the house.

"The laud's sake, how should I know? I'm only here a few days, and am clean tucked out a' ready, trying to keep the stars clean, after a passel of dirty Jews and Irish."

Without pausing to ask her how she left her "folks" in New England, where she evidently drew her natal breath, I ran up to the third floor, and, on a door, in the narrow, half-lighted passage, I saw the sign:

"ANNETTE LORN,  
Seamstress and Fine-Laundress."

I knocked at the door. A French child, with auburn hair and a face clean, though homely, presented herself.

"I wish to see the person who flutes."

"Que voulez-vous, madame? Je ne parle pas Anglais."

I repeated my wishes in French, and the little girl went into an inner room after her sister, while another child, a youngster of three, came and stared at me with his great blue eyes.

I glanced around the room. There was a rag carpet on the floor, and a half-dozen cane-bottomed chairs ranged around. An old-fashioned sideboard held a few old pieces of china, some silver spoons, and a silver cup; and, in addition to these, there were some books, and a decent picture or two, little relics that seemed to tell the saddest of all histories, that of a family who had seen better days. There was an inexpressible neatness and cleanliness about every thing, and a pleasant perfume from the flowers in the window filled the room.

Presently the pretty brunette appeared with a bowl of broth in her hand. She bowed again and again, and smiled, her manner having that graceful, suave politeness which is a charm peculiar to the French of all classes.

"Pardon, madame, I have been giving my sick mother her broth. So sorry to keep madame waiting a moment."

"I don't mind waiting a little while. I want some fluting done, and also some plain sewing. Can you come to-morrow for the sewing?"

"Yes, madame."

"I prefer that you should do it at my house."

"As madame pleases. My mother is better this week, and I can leave her through the day to Blanche."

"Very well, then. Come to-morrow."

The young girl came the next day. Her day lengthened into a week, and then into two. Her grace and *naïveté*, her perfect propriety of deportment, and manner far above her station, interested me more and more, and made me pity her also, for it is a misfortune to be forced into any sphere of life, high or low, where we do not of right belong.

I sometimes noticed the same intense sadness on her face that I

had before observed. Her manner at such times was *distracted*, and her fingers trembled nervously over her sewing. One day she came in looking pale as marble, and oh! with such a melancholy look in the tender brown eyes.

As she fitted a robe over my shoulders, I felt the touch of her fingers like ice upon me. I turned, impulsively, and took the cold hand in my own.

"Annette, you are in trouble. I know you are. Will you tell me what it all means? I will help you, if I can. Don't be afraid to trust me. I promise that I will be your friend."

"Oh, madame!" and with that she sunk on a sofa, and broke into sobs.

"What is it, Annette? Come, there is no sorrow without a remedy, though the one that suffers cannot always perceive it."

"We are so poor, madame, so poor!" she sobbed out, despairingly; "and my mother is an invalid, and she and the children must live by my work. My father has been dead three years, and it has been my care to support them since then."

"Good Heaven, Annette! and have you none to assist you?"

"None, madame; but, somehow, we have got along. We French can live on so little. A cup of coffee, a little soup, an onion or two, a bit of fruit. The saints be praised, we have never yet suffered from cold or hunger, except one Sunday—shall I ever forget it? My mother had been too sick all the week for me to do any thing but nurse her, and work was scarce, anyway. It was a cold, dark, dreary Sunday, and the rain kept pattering down, but it did not fall faster than our tears. But after a while Gabriel came, like a good angel, and it was all right then. My mother don't like Gabriel, but she was glad to see him that time, for he brought us fire, and food, and warmth."

"And Gabriel, is he the young man who sings 'La Reine d'Amour' with you?"

She blushed, but answered, with simple frankness, "He is the man I love, madame." And, saying this, she took from the pocket of her neat little muslin apron a photograph, and handed it to me.

I looked at it. It was the face of a man of the people, with no very fine lines, or great expression of intellect in it, but round and good-humored, and with a certain energy in it, too. Judging from that glance, he was the very sort of man to succeed in a country like this.

"This is your lover, Annette?"

"Yes, madame, and that is my worse trouble of all," she replied, breaking into fresh tears.

"Why so? Have you quarrelled?"

"Ye—yes—we—we have."

"Is it only this? Why, lovers quarrel every day and are reunited. He will come back. You can recall him."

"Oh! No, madame, I cannot. My mother—"

"Your mother—what?"

"She will not let me marry Gabriel. She says he is a good-for-nothing. Besides, there is another, who is a mechanic, who has plenty of work, and who says he will keep me like a lady, and take care of my mother, and perhaps I ought to marry him—sometimes I think so—but I do love Gabriel so."

"What does Gabriel do for a living?"

She hesitated, but finally answered:

"He was on the police-force, but—but—indeed, madame, I am ashamed to tell you, and yet it is a comfort, too. The fact is, my mother made me slight Gabriel, and he grew very jealous of—the other one, and it drove him wild, you see."

"He has been dismissed, then."

"Alas! yes—"

"For what particular offence?"

"Oh, madame, he—he—was found intoxicated on his beat, and they broke him at once."

"Annette, I know it is painful to you to answer; but I am asking these questions for a good purpose to you. Is he habitually dissipated?"

"Oh! No, madame. He says he would never drink, only for the way I treat him."

I could not help smiling. I wonder if there ever was a man who did not lay his own imprudence and excesses at some woman's door?

However, it was no smiling matter.

Between her struggles for life, against wind and tide, the care of her invalid mother and her separation from the man she loved, Annette's cup was full.



"I will go and see your mother, Annette—see if there is any thing I can do for her, any little necessities that I can provide; and as for Gabriel, if he is of any account, he can support himself and you too. Brighter days will come. Cheer up, and be of good courage."

The next day, in pursuance of my design of helping Annette in her trouble, I went over and assailed her mother. I found her a thin, dark, little Frenchwoman, with keen black eyes, and a hard look about her face. On her head was a neat, French cap, and every thing about the clean, deftly-arranged room showed the marks of Annette's tasteful fingers. In one corner of the room was a shrine covered with spotless white, and surmounted by a plaster statue of the Virgin, before which burned two wax candles, and bloomed a few fresh flowers from the boxes in the window. Here the young girl told her beads, and sent up her guileless orisons to Heaven.

Under cover of a bottle of old sherry and a pound or two of butter-crackers, united to the tenderest expression of regard for her health, I made my approaches to the old woman, listening sympathetically to her long account of one of those cases of woman's suffering which seemed to baffle the skill and knowledge of those men who call themselves physicians. She repeated to me how Annette, during three years, had been her sole support.

When I alluded to the heavy burdens thrown on Annette's young life, the mother shed no tears; she had grown hard in the world's hardest school—poverty, and I saw that Annette's youth, energy, and talent, were regarded, by the mother who bore her, simply as so much stock in trade, to be turned to the best advantage.

"She could marry, madame, and throw off these burdens that you speak of. There is one fine young man, good, industrious, that will marry Annette and take care of me. But the girl is perverse. I cannot manage her. She thinks of nothing but that good-for-nothing Gabriel Bernard."

"Is Gabriel, then, so good for nothing?"

"What else is he, madame? Is he not out of a place these six months? What got him off the police but his own bad conduct? Let her do what she will, she shall not marry him!"

"But if she loves him?" I ventured.

"Oh! love, madame, love is a girl-and-boy's dream. I never loved my poor Pierre Lorn" ("Candid," thought I, "but we got along well enough, and he made me a comfortable living while he lasted. That was better than love and starvation in a garret.")

"The world's logic," I thought, disconsolately, as I rose and bade adieu to the implacable parent. I visited her afterward, but found it in vain to try to soften her. I told Annette to send Gabriel to me, that I might judge for myself what material he was made of. One day he presented himself. He was better-looking than his portrait, and there was a certain air of self-respect and a courtesy of manner in him, that I liked. He was well dressed, too, and I saw but little essential difference between him and men far above him in rank. Nowhere but in America could you have found such a gentlemanlike, self-possessed young man in his station. I was glad, because I should have felt too sorry to have seen the young girl whose beauty, misfortunes, and lovely character, interested me so much, ally herself to one much her inferior.

It was evident Gabriel was not a bad fellow at heart. He was one of those natures without great moral courage or heroic force, but generous, impulsive, and open-handed—the very sort to go to the bad when driven thither by any outward pressure. He confessed his devotion for Annette, and declared it "was the trouble he'd had about the girl that drove him to dissipation."

I promised him that, if he would pledge himself to me to do his duty like a man and a Christian, I would see some friends of political influence, and endeavor to have him reinstated.

He gave me his pledged word, and had scarcely departed, when, in that singular *à propos* way that things sometimes occur, Judge H—, a lawyer who was transacting some business for me, was announced.

Knowing his great influence, and thinking of the young lovers, I welcomed him with such *empressment*, that the old gentleman was quite astonished.

"I have no very good news for you," he said, hesitatingly. "I find the Ninth-Avenue Railroad business is all in a muddle, and the suit for thirty thousand against the P— Bank has gone dead against you."

For a moment I sat silent under his news. I thought of my lost husband; of his hard labor and toil far into the night; of the cases

won for this bank under the greatest difficulties, the ablest opposition; I thought of the insufficient fees, the long waiting, and now I was to be robbed of that which I knew was in justice my due.

At last I answered, bitterly: "I might have known it would be so, as justice is administered in New York. With a woman and a widow on one side, weak and desolate, and an association of rich men on the other, it was easy to foresee the decision."

The judge sighed in sympathy.

I listened silently while he talked over the weary details of my business affairs. I am one of those persons who have received one so great a blow that all others seem light by comparison.

When he was through, I roused myself from my depression, and made an effort to interest him in the fortunes of my poor little *protégé*. Yet I thought of her, as I did it, with a vague envy. She was lovely, loving, and beloved. Fate had never thrown into her path all that woman's heart or ambition yearns most wildly to win, only to tear all from her grasp in the hour of sweetest fruition.

The judge was very good-natured, and promised to do all I desired, if possible.

When I told the lovers that I had spoken of Gabriel to Judge H—, and when Gabriel himself had had a favorable interview with that gentleman, they were elate with hope. The very next day I received a letter from the judge, notifying me of the appointment of my *protégé* to a post on the Central-Park police-force, and the next time I saw Annette she stood, crowned with orange-flowers, in the sweet religious gloom of a Catholic chapel, while the low, tender chant of a nuptial hymn arose on the air as the good priest finished his benediction.

The mother, who had finally given in, when she found Gabriel could bring grist to the mill—the mother, to whose illness, importunities, and exactions, the young girl had devoted three years of her bright youth, died suddenly of diphtheria, about a fortnight after her daughter's marriage—strangled to death.

The young couple are keeping house in a flat, in a house overlooking the park, and if you could only know how pleasant it is there; if you could only see how snowy the lace curtains, how faultlessly neat the cottage furniture with its pretty white covers, how inviting the tea-table, with its two little china cups and its bits of plated ware, as bright as hands can make them, and if you could see, more than all, Annette waiting for Gabriel, and making tender little signals to him from the window, when he is near enough for her to see him, in the beautiful walks of the park—Annette, in her French cap and tasty chintz frock and snowy collar—if you could see it, you would think it quite an idyl of love for this great crowded city, which stifles out of life so much that is tender and true. She has not forgotten to care for her little brother and sister. Blanche is to be educated at a public school for a governess, while that boisterous, shouting, misanthropic, blue-eyed imp of three years is to (when he is old enough) aspire to the dignity of those boys of whom an old lady spoke at Stewart's, one afternoon, "Why, dear me! how many boys by the name of Cash! What a fine family of sons that Mr. Cash must have, to be sure!"

## A WEEK AT BATAVIA.

BY THE MARQUIS DE BEAUVOIR.

*Batavia, 10th November.*—The last inhabitants of Australia of whom we took leave were cannibals, with black skins and carrying poisoned arrows: the first to receive us on the soil of Java are Dutch custom-house officers, pale and fair, dressed in brilliant uniforms, and bearing huge bunches of keys. They softened for us the transition from savage to civilized life by the ruthless opening of our boxes and entire upsetting of their contents. Under the great shed of the custom-house, some four hundred chocolate-colored porters, with bare chests, scarlet sashes, and green turbans, fight, for our luggage, and carry it off at a run. My anxious glance follows a certain hat-box, with a cluster of sixteen coolies clinging wildly to it, yelling with all their might, and finally becoming lost in the crowd.

We get, two and two, into some charming little open carriages, which seem to abound here, it being essential to the dignity of a European never to go on foot. Each is drawn by Lilliputian ponies, like Newfoundland dogs, brought from the island of Timor, with close-cropped manes, and knowing little heads, and who go a tremendous pace. The eccentric-looking coachmen who goad them on with voice

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and whip are Malays, wearing red-and-yellow striped hats, like enormous bell-glasses, which shade them entirely. In this manner we pass at a gallop through the old town of Batavia, built on the unhealthy mud of the sea-shore. Here there are only the dwellings of the natives, and a good many counting-houses, whose old-fashioned gable-ends recall the Dutch buildings of the last century, and contrast curiously with the luxuriant verdure of tropical vegetation. In these lanes plenty of Chinamen are to be seen with their conceited strut, rich dandies of the Celestial Empire, with heads well shaved, and tails so tightly plaited that they always make one long pull to them. A Malay shades them from the sun with an immense sky-blue umbrella. For more than three-quarters of an hour our drive continues, and we pass by the most novel sights. We skirt canals, where groups of thirty or forty Malay women are bathing, and are suddenly startled in their gambols by a *pirogue*, heavily laden with fruit, moving silently along by the aid of its languid paddles. Here comes a troop of native cavalry, trotting "*d'Anglaise*;" their swords, as tall as their horses, trail upon the ground; their long spears touch the plumes of the cocoa-nut trees: these Malays, with their gingerbread complexions and hanging lips, are dressed up as European soldiers, and their bare feet decorated with magnificent spurs intended for jack-boots. There, numbers of itinerant merchants, adorned with "langoutia" \* of the most vivid colors, traverse the streets at the peculiar trotting pace common to Indians, gesticulating, apostrophizing the passers-by, and laughing loudly. It is the most bewildering, the most picturesque, the liveliest crowd I ever saw. It would take me hours to describe its thousand colors, the inconceivable specimens of humanity that compose it, its noisy pantomimic animation. But soon we cross a bridge and enter the new town. Oh, what a garden of fairy-land, what a verdant paradise this is! Literally speaking, there are no streets in Batavia; there are only splendid avenues shaded by the most beautiful and luxuriant trees, which form immense long bowers, such as in Europe are only seen in a scene at the opera. The fiery rays of a pitiless sun can only at intervals penetrate this shade, but they deck all that forms it with marvellous hues: the many plumes of the cocoa-nut tree; the slender branches of the tulip-tree, which are all flower, and scarlet flower; bananas, with their green leaves as large as a man; cotton-trees, covered with snow-white tufts; the travellers' palm, great fans of the most exquisite grace, from which a stream of a milky fluid springs, if you pierce the trunk; finally, immense banyan-trees, from which hundreds of creepers fall straight down, and, taking root almost as soon as they touch the ground, climb again to the summit of the tree, twining round it in knotted garlands, only to fall again! One of these trees alone forms a forest surrounded by a curtain, a net-work of interlaced foliage and flowers, through which children in a state of nature, putting on one side the hundreds of creepers waving in the wind, can look at the boats and the swimmers passing along the canal.

The greater part of these bowers of the tropical Babylon are, in fact, only the foot-paths to the "*arroyos*," the great water-ways, which the Dutch would certainly have formed by hundreds, in recollection of their mother country, if the Malays had not already made them in thousands. Thus the instincts of the white race from the north and the yellow race of the equator coincided. The greatest navigators and the greatest pirates in the world cut up their soil into innumerable islets, and the canals in this town are the veins by which circulates their whole commercial life. Another many-colored bower, therefore, to our left, shades the arroyo on whose opposite shore we are driving. I cannot take my eyes from the innumerable vessels that traverse it; the laughing groups paddling in the water, the tufts of water-lilies blooming there. To the right—through clumps of coffee-trees, nutmeg-trees, vanilla-trees, and tamarinds—we catch glimpses of lawns in fairy-like gardens; and, in the distance, the white palaces and green verandas of the European nabobs. I had seen nothing but these avenues and villas, and fancied myself in some delightful suburb of the city, when we found ourselves at the hotel, "*der Nederlanden*," which, it appears, is in the centre of Batavia; so that this blossoming wood is the town itself! I am in such ecstasies with it, I can hardly believe my eyes. By the beard of all the monkeys with long tails or short that I have yet seen, I swear that it is impossible to describe to you my amazement and admiration! Our new dwelling is situated in the midst of a garden, and sheltered by large trees. The principal building, which is of marble,

\* A narrow sash tied round the loins.

is supported by an airy colonnade, into which it opens on all sides; on the side of the street and the canal is a circular veranda, where officers, grown thin from the heat, are lounging in cane rocking-chairs. On the opposite side a great oval-shaped kiosk, open to all the winds, but protected by a light roof from the sun, serves as a dining-room. Some sixty Malay servants are swarming like ants to lay the table there. Nothing can be prettier than their long robes, made of red cotton or silk, their blue turbans, and yellow sashes, set off by the whiteness of the balconies and the pavement. Two long wings, of one story only, with verandas and colonnades, enclose the gardens commanded by the kiosk. Here are our rooms, and on entering them we feel a real sensation of freshness, a delicious temperature compared to that outside; there, in fact, the thermometer is at 114°, and here it is kind enough to go down to 102°. It is five o'clock in the afternoon; good Heavens! what will it be to-morrow at noon?

If the flowering trees of this terrestrial paradise are the most characteristic beauties of the town, the marble basins for bathing are certainly the greatest charm of a Javanese hotel. In less than ten minutes after alighting at the "*Nederlanden*," I had got to the end of the colonnade, descended a few steps, and was enjoying in the whitest of basins the voluptuous delights of an abundant shower manufactured by a Malay, who pumped the water by a regular movement up to the ceiling, whence it fell again to inundate me. I should have remained in my bath to all eternity if the patience of these placid Malays had not exhausted mine. Two attendants, in fact, had insisted upon following me, and, crouching down some four yards off, were waiting till I was pleased to condescend to require their soft towels; and, besides the man who pumped, a fourth man in a red robe offered me a basket full of mangoes, red mangosteens, whose inside is like pink snow, and the perfumed little-known bananas.

In the evening we dined in the kiosk; round us a many-colored noisy crowd danced under the big trees, from which hung Venetian lanterns. From time to time, among the red vests and green robes, a wealthy Dutchman passes languidly along in loose white garments, preceded by the light of an immensely long cigar. We are waited upon by the whole troop of Orientals of whom I spoke just now. I have a Malay to supply me with iced-water, which he pours out at arm's-length; there are two to change my plate; three to bring round the dishes; one carves; another is awaiting the moment for coffee. I believe if I wished for a dozen dishes, and particularly if I could call for them in the native dialect, I should give employment to the twelve men in red who stand behind my chair! What a charming effect all this variety of colors has on this beautiful evening, with a bright light shining upon them! And when, lazily stretched under the veranda, enjoying the balmy evening breeze, I call "*Sapada, cassi api!*" immediately one of these Arabian Nights figures, whom one is tempted to call slaves, advances from the column, at the foot of which he has been silently crouching like a statue of Buddha, and brings me, to light my cigar, a long match of which he has the constant care. It is made of sandal-wood saw-dust glued together, and burns night and day with the most delicious perfume. I feel as if I were turning into a pacha!

As regards the dinner itself, as a North-man I must make some reservation: eight-and-forty different kinds of capsicums, a mountain of rice covering a microscopic atom of chicken (the antitype of the fragment of the Australian *Dinornis*), which, with a Cayenne-pepper sauce, constitutes the celebrated curry; an absence of all meat that can be cut with an ordinary knife; an abundance of bamboo salads and chutnee—there is a local flavor about this much appreciated by amateurs, but which, in palates and digestions unaccustomed to Javanese cooking, raises fiery torments, which are only increased by drinking.

11th November.—As I lay down last night on a bed already possessing the peculiarity of being made with mats instead of sheets, I was greatly surprised to find, besides the innumerable gnats imprisoned behind the mosquito-net, a companion quite as remarkable. This was a long roll made of grass matting, about two yards long, and the thickness of an ordinary bolster, which awaited me, laid lengthwise on the bed. It was obligingly explained to me that no inhabitant of Java will sleep without this vegetable production, which must be kept between the legs to cool the body. I was very much amused with this specimen of manners and customs; but, if it soothes

the creoles with a refreshing slumber, it rouses Europeans uncontrollably to a bolstering match. Besides, the swarms of buzzing mosquitoes, with their impertinent stings, exasperated us by whistling their Javanese airs in our ears; but as the capscums, the grass bolsters, and the mosquitoes, are necessary features of the locality, I intend in a few days to make friends with them all.

Very different from Paris customs, fashionable life begins here at half-past four in the morning. As soon as the first mists of a tropical dawn appear, old and young begin to be heard moving over the tiled floors, in slippers, and, wrapped in floating cotton garments, hasten to the pools to enjoy the ice-cold waves. As I left them, I met a real odalisk, with jet-black eyes, and of the most foreign appearance; she glided between the columns, throwing back masses of black hair which fell to the ground, and classically draped, like Stratonice, in rose-colored cashmere. She seemed to us really an apparition, with her sudden changing glances, the wild swiftness of her movements, her air as of a lioness surprised, and that Indian fire in her veins which always gives so fascinating a charm. We were told that she was the daughter of a Dutch officer and of a native of Borneo.

The half-caste beauties bloom wonderfully under the sun of Java, while the unhappy Europeans, enfeebled and worn out by the heat, look pale and ghastly, and inspire one with the most profound pity. Such was my first impression, while taking my walk between four and six in the morning, the especially fashionable hour. But what particularly struck me was a military post: twenty Malays were on guard, armed with pikes and pitchforks more than nine feet long. It was explained to us that in this country there are a good many natives suffering from mental disease; over-excited by opium, they wander over the island armed with a sword, and run through the body the first man they fall in with, in honor of the Koran. This is called running a muck. As soon as one of these men appears, the guard gives chase, encloses him between three pitchforks, and the corporal, whose rank may be easily recognized from the fact of his wearing shoes, has the honor of running through with a javelin the terrible madman. First insight into the internal government.

A morning at Batavia consists of a walk, five or six baths running, and an appetizing breakfast. In the afternoon every one sleeps.

Toward six o'clock in the evening a little stir begins to be felt: hundreds of open carriages drive about. The European population, lounging bare-headed, wends its way to the Waterloo plain, where a military band is playing. We follow the stream, still delighted by the enchanting avenues and brilliant dresses. This "Longchamps" partakes completely of the character of the colony; the garrison, nine thousand men strong, is its principal ornament; more than three hundred carriages stand in the shade of the great trees; the national airs, very well played, echo loudly; and officers gallop about among the myriads of Javanese in holiday dress, glittering in the most brilliant Eastern finery. Imagine a tall, fine-looking man, in a blue tunic, loose white trousers, high boots, large spurs, and big sword; suppose that he will kindly open his legs to admit between them a superbly caparisoned pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and you have a truthful picture of the Javanese representatives of the armed force of all the Netherlands. The small size of the horse detracts in no wise from the greatest military virtues, and Heaven knows that the fame of this army is beyond all praise; but when a troop of Lilliputian horses, mounted by worthy companions of Gulliver, charge the enemy, it is impossible to help laughing with all one's heart.

We dined this evening with our friend M. Van Delden, the president of the Chamber of Commerce. Our agreeable companion in the stifling cabin of the "Hero" had resumed his princely existence in his palace, amid the peaceful charms of his delightful family circle. Luxurious pools, gardens of Armida, a veranda dining-room amid the luxuriant foliage of blooming thickets, swarms of Indian servants in their most splendid national dress, nothing is wanting of all that can be imagined as the regal reward of industry, probity, and talent. How is it possible, after the well-earned delights of such a paradise, to return to a muddy, foggy street in Holland, and live there without twenty horses or fourscore servants? Holland is but a name to be passionately loved by these patriotic hearts; from time to time they return to see it, and to reinvigorate themselves on their native soil; but space, wealth, sunshine, authority, are wanting there to the happy in-

habitants of Java, whom monopoly has here made pachas and kings, and who feel little inclined to become subjects, rate-payers, and tenants on lease again, at home!

12th November.—We follow the fashion and take an airing, at five o'clock in the morning, on M. Van Delden's skittish ponies. Still the same bowers, the same marvels of verdure and bloom, of perfume and foliage; still the same number of villas scattered about in gardens, the same movement on a hundred different canals, the same brilliant colors in this human ant-hill, which moves busily about, screaming noisily like a flight of cockatoos. At nine o'clock we have already reached our fifth bath. This torrid temperature of one hundred and four degrees in the shade would really, I believe, burst any thermometer that was put into the sun. I braved it nevertheless with a pyramidal white cotton helmet on my head, which made me look like a whitewashed fireman. I was much puzzled with the narrow winding lanes of the old town, where the inhabitants pack themselves into their bamboo huts as we should pile up sacks of wheat in a corn-market. The Malay shops are filled with calico goods and sticky eatables; the Chinese shops are of a superior kind. Here, for example, is the stall of a Chinese watchmaker. The proprietor's plaited tail is the sole garment which appears on his immensely fat body. He holds a magnifying glass in his left eye by a contraction of the eyebrow, which contorts his features into a horrible grimace, and this semi-nude jeweller is audaciously handling a Breguet watch, and seems very proud of being able to take the Paris workmanship so cleverly to pieces. His neighbor sell monkeys, his opposite neighbor innumerable preparations of capscums in innumerable saucers piled one upon another. Everywhere a putrid and disgusting smell reigns. The sea-breeze brings great whiffs of it, exhaled from the mangrove-trees and poisonous shrubs which cover the shore. The advancing tide swells their knotted, twisted, porous roots; in a few hours they increase some inches in diameter; then the ebb leaves them exposed on the unhealthy mud; the sun pours down, evaporates and dries them up; a line of yellowish clouds, of pestilential mist, forms itself, and remains for a moment suspended, waiting to be carried off by the wind, and then, woe to the coast where the caprice of the atmosphere may direct it!

It is these deadly miasms, which have given to the old town of Batavia that general reputation for unhealthiness, which made you fear for us when we left home. And, in fact, it is impossible to count the numbers who have fallen victims there since the occupation of the place. I was speaking of this subject with an agreeable acquaintance. "Oh!" said he, "before the period when we retreated from the shores to found the new town, people died like flies in old Batavia; it was actual poisoning for every human being; but now, what does it signify? no one lives there but Chinese or Malays!" This saying, any thing but philanthropic, recalled to my mind a certain correspondence in the last Mexican War. Having enumerated the disasters from yellow fever on the coast, and given an account of the movement of the troops into the interior, the letter said: "But families may feel reassured now, there are none but sailors on the coast!" The families of the French sailors must have been about as much comforted as those of the natives are here. Notwithstanding the pure air of the new town, we have just had a terrible example of the consequence of imprudence. One of our neighbors at table, who had eaten too freely of the juicy pine-apples at dessert yesterday evening, looked a little pale at the mid-day breakfast—at three o'clock, he was dead! It is the only thing which is done quickly in these tropical latitudes!

Hardly is the hour of our *siesta* over before we sit down to write under our veranda. Immediately we are besieged by some fifty Chinese or Malays, wanting to sell us neck-ties or handkerchiefs, French photographs and military sketches. I drive them away, they return; I threaten them, they spread out a hundred new things, this one crying up his trousers, another his eau-de-Cologne, a third his monkeys. Determined to wait the end of my letter, they are at this moment crouching down in the full sun ten paces from us, evidently hoping that I shall be in a more conciliatory disposition presently. In the evening we were roused by a fire. A hundred and eighty houses—reed huts—in the old town were blazing like a lot of Lucifer matches. What quantities of vermin must have been roasted!

13th November.—We might have expected this! The captain of the "Hero," our neighbor in this corridor, turned pale yesterday

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evening, and passed the night prostrate on the ground very sick, and groaning. We ourselves have paid the necessary tribute of new arrivals, and our interiors are in a pitiable state. If we can preserve our cheerfulness, we are safe from that phantom of cholera—and Javanese cholera—which takes fright if it does not inspire it.

Here, too, is something to restore us—the pure air of the mountains inland. A charming letter from the governor-general for the time being informs us that, “political considerations not permitting him to offer to a prince in exile the honors due to a French prince, he yet begs to be allowed to treat him as the grandson of a king.” He sends us a circular passport, a most rare and valuable favor, for the whole island, and even for the so-called imperial territories, where under Dutch protection the Sultans of Sourakarta and Djokjakarta reign; notice is given to all the residents and native princes in the island, and the government post-horses are put at the prince's service gratuitously. This is a piece of good fortune which delights us and fills us with the most lively gratitude.

Change being recommended for those who feel the enervating effect of this fiery climate, we have not refused the kind invitation of the resident of Batavia, M. Hoogeveen. At six o'clock in the evening his state-carriage came to fetch us. Four outrunners, all dressed in white, carry long white horses' tails with which they flick away the flies from our team; they make good use of their legs, each running by the side of his pony and effectually chasing the flies. We gallop and they run, such is the custom here. In half an hour we arrive at the palace. A regiment of servants are on the steps, turbans, sashes, arms; all the splendid figures of Oriental scenery stand out brilliantly on the marble. The resident receives the prince most cordially; then come the general in command, the colonels of artillery, the civil engineers, and finally the sultan and sultana of one of the principalities of Borneo. The husband is a stunted little old man, wrinkled and rheumatic, furiously chewing a paste made of lime and betel-nut, which blackens the teeth and makes the gums bleed, and which, stuck between the teeth and the lower lip, swells the latter, by nature hanging, and so increases a hideous and deformed swelling.

But the sultana is charming. She is a little person, young, and with bright eyes, and returns the greeting of the young Europeans with perfect grace. Her dress consists of a mantle of blue-and-yellow silk. A red-and-white scarf, passed across her shoulder, covers her bosom, and is kept in its place by a brooch of twelve intertwined crescents made of diamonds of the island. It is the prettiest jewel I ever saw. A red turban, with a diamond ornament at the side, frames the smiling expressive bronze head.

As for us, while sauntering among the white arcades, among strange groups of soldiers, servants, incense-burners, and cigar-lighters, we had the pleasure of arranging a crocodile-hunt with the good-natured resident.

14th November.—Beyond the repeated *sietas*, which are the great secret of happiness when one is so near the line; beyond the lounging and bathing, and the delicious cups of coffee, every thing is a labor under this sun! All the same, I have closed my mail-bag for Europe and paid the postage on it; no mere form of politeness, I assure you. Seven-and-twenty shillings for postage have I paid this morning.

I had almost forgotten our visit to the museum, of which the resident did the honors to the prince. Besides the fly-flapping outrunners, M. Hoogeveen is accompanied by the gilt-umbrella-bearing outrunner, and two cigar-lighters, who trot behind us brandishing the sandalwood match, that vestal fire always kept up for the official “manillas.” The museum is magnificent, and so curious as to be quite unintelligible to the traveller who is not well versed in Sanscrit, Javanese, Sunda, Bali, and Hindoo divinities, with their big stomachs, slits of eyes, and humped backs, double faces, and half a dozen arms and legs kicking about; silver chickens with five legs; ancient lamps and tomtoms, with which we produced the most astonishing noises—and I know not what besides. It is a perfect nightmare.

## MY BUSINESS FRIENDS.—MR. BULBARE.

AT a short distance from my country-home Mr. Bulbare has a villa. He is a broker, and his dealings are in gold and stocks. The plot of ground, containing five or six acres, was bought “on

speculation” by Mr. Bulbare, several years ago, and the first instalment of the purchase-money paid on the spot. He has since told me that the plot had been “hypothecated” forty times before he decided to build the highly-ornamental villa he now inhabits, and I shall give the story in his own words first, and then offer a translation into ordinary English. It required much patience and laborious research to get the narrative into the vernacular, and I accomplished it by persevering effort, during the daily railway journey to the city, last spring.

“You see, Jones”—this was the technical story—“I had hypothecated that plot till I was sick of it. Mrs. Bulbare looked at it, and said, if I built a decent house on it, she would live in it. So I went to work. I went long an even hundred at sixty-one. I shall never forget the figgers. The metal went up and down, but I just let it set. I put the figger at ninety-four and waited eleven months. Sold out at ninety-four and three-eighths, bagged thirty clean, paid off all encumbrances on the plot, and built the viller. There she stands, and not a scratch against it! It belongs to Mrs. Bulbare.”

The translation is superfluous to gentlemen who are familiar with gold-room lingo; to me it has been like the first studies in a new language, enabling me to gather the meaning from occult discourses on the same topic. “Going long an even hundred at sixty-one,” meant purchasing a hundred thousand dollars in gold, at a premium of sixty-one per centum. So “bagging thirty clean,” meant securing a profit of thirty thousand dollars in the operation. My curiosity was excited by Mr. Bulbare's discourse, and I eagerly accepted his invitation to spend an hour at the Gold Exchange, and witness the operations of his board.

At the time appointed I went down to his office, and, after some formalities, I was admitted to the room where the “operators” were at work. I have been present at large political gatherings—I attended a camp-meeting once—I have heard the roar of a tornado in a tropical forest; but the noise in the gold-room exceeded all my former experience. It was the combined growl of a hundred bears, mingled with the furious bellowings of a hundred bulls. It was one prolonged shout, and, for half an hour, I vainly strove to catch a separate sentence that would indicate what the madmen were after. It seemed that everybody wished to buy fabulous sums, which everybody was ready to sell. I do not believe that there is as much coined gold in the world as was bid for and offered while I sat in that bedlam. One lanky gentleman, with a distressed countenance, attracted my attention particularly. He was so terribly in earnest, and so terribly greedy. “I'll give an eighth for any part of a million!” he shouted. “I'll give an eighth for fifty! I'll give an eighth for a hundred!” There is a fountain in the centre of the room, protected by a circular iron-railing, probably eight or ten feet in diameter, and over this rail, and through the beautiful spray of the fountain, these eager men were tossing their bids and offers. Each man frantically challenged all the rest to sell or buy enough gold to pay all the public debts of all nationalities three or four times over, and nothing prevented the instant completion of the contract, but one-eighth of one per centum. The lank man was on the verge of insanity in his anxiety to buy a million at “an eighth.” A fat German near him stolidly reiterated his desire to sell the same amount at “a quarter.” I counted once, and he offered that million at “a quarter” sixty-nine times without a pause. The lank man with rueful visage was far more rapid in his utterances, and I suppose he “bid” for the same million six hundred and ninety times, in the same number of seconds.

I knew a young villain of a school-boy some years ago, who had a horror of “declamation,” which came round regularly every Friday. Once he had to “speak a piece.” I think it was “My voice is still for war-gods! Can a Roman senate long debate!” I spent an evening at his father's house, and the old gentleman, being vain of the whelp's powers, insisted upon the delivery of the speech, for the entertainment of his guests. The boy stood up like a statue and repeated the horrid speech without moving a muscle, and then observed: “Ladies and gentlemen, I can't possibly remember all the words and all the gestures at the same time; I will now give the appropriate gestures, and you can put them in to suit yourselves!” Whereupon he threw and twisted his body into forty inimitable and indescribable contortions, which nearly fractured all my bones from mere sympathy. When I saw the gold-men throwing their “unwholesome corpses” into strange attitudes around that railing, I concluded that my young friend had been exorcised, and his legion had migrated to the gold-room. If the various operators could be suddenly frozen in the midst of their

violent gesticulations, their photographs would make capital illustrations for Dante's "Inferno." I was still watching the struggle, and endeavoring to translate the uproar, when Bulbare plucked me by the sleeve.

"Come, old hoss!" he said, "I've just made a turn. Sold twenty at a quarter, and bought it in at a naith. Twenty-five dollars clean. Let's go to lunch!"

He took me to Delmonico's, where, at a wink from Bulbare, we were ushered into a private room. There was a blazing fire of cannon coal in the grate, and the room looked luxurious. Bulbare rapidly gave his orders as we drew off our overcoats.

"Green turtle for one, filly for one, with champignons, and a Roderer. Give us some French bread, John, pan fransay, you know."

He fairly divided the soup, and afterward the "filly," which proved to be a tenderloin-steak, of remarkable succulence. He did not divide the wine, but gave me one glass at my own request, while he "got outside" of the remainder. It was while we were sipping the last of it, that he gave me the curious explanations that follow. I had led the way to the revelation by a system of direct questions, induced by my recent gold-room experience. It is probable that the Roderer lubricated the root of Bulbare's tongue, as he was far more communicative toward the end of the feast than he was at the beginning.

"You want to know how ush fellers make any money? Easy! a naith or ten is twelve dollars, free of stamps. Just as easy to turn fifty as ten."

"But suppose the turn is the wrong way? If you make an eighth, some other broker must lose the same sum."

"Exactly! Well, if I lose on a turn, I have to make two more turns; one to get even, and the other to make expenses."

"Suppose you are mistaken every time," I persisted, "and all the turns are against you?"

Bulbare reflected a few minutes. He was apparently trying to estimate the depth of my stupidity. There was gravity in his countenance, his intonations were deliberate, his words carefully selected. The Roderer glistened and twinkled in his eyeballs, but he steadily advanced to a moral eminence as our discourse proceeded:

"You see, Jonesh," he said, condescendingly, "it is difficult for you to understand this here business, unless you was 'quainted with the market. Most of them fellers that was bullin to-day, was operatin' for one man. Shpose we say it was Peeper? Well, Peeper is certainly in the bear clique. He wants to run the market up a point, and then put out a lot short."

"Pray, how do you know?"

"In the first place, Peeper hasn't been in the gold-room to-day. That's a sure sign that somethin's up. Nextly, the fellers that was the craziest to op'rate, seemed to go in for his attorney all the time. But Peeper's man was operatin' in fives and tens, and the other fellers in hundreds. That looked s'picious. Nextly, every time the market moved a naith, all them fellers pretended they wanted to unload, but they didn't. Why I bought my twenty to-day from Peeper's own attorney, which I had sold to one of them bullin fellers half an hour earlier."

I was hopelessly muddled by this time. There was so much clairvoyance about the business, that it elevated my interlocutor to the clouds, leaving me groping in the dark.

"You don't understand?" resumed Mr. Bulbare, noticing my puzzled look. "Don't you see that Peeper will have to pay me that twenty-fives, s'posin I am right in my s'picious? Very well! Now if I had lost on that turn, it's quite likely that them fellers would have divided, and Peeper would never have heard of that turn."

This was encouraging. I began to see how it was possible to make a little money without any great risk. The morality looked rather shady, however, and my friend appeared to see that some such thought was in my mind.

"You shée, Jonesh," continued my friend, with slightly-thickened utterance, "there's fellers there that don't have any reg'lar bishness, that is, they don't have a reg'lar lot of cushtomers. Now I have about a dozen spec'laters, you know. Some of 'em are bullin and some bearin. They give me loose kind of orders to watch the market, and op'rate whenever I think it is safe. So I am buying and selling every day. When the board closes, I jist add up my book, and divide results among 'em. I git a naith commission, and my book is open to inspection. Nothin' could be fairer. Everybody can't win every time."

"It seems to me that you win every time, Bulbare. You are always sure of your commission."

"Not always," answered Bulbare, as he struggled into his overcoat, "fellers is bustin' on me every now and then. When that happens I lose commissions and balances both. It's a very precarious bishness for brokers. S'pose I make a noperation for you?"

I declined this kind offer politely, but decidedly. Bulbare's method of "balancing his books" looks alarming, and I cannot decide whether his clients are better off when they are "long" or when they are "short." There are quieter localities up-town, where a gentleman can dispose of his superfluous cash, "five, ten, or twenty" at a time, in the same number of minutes, and I believe there are no commissions over the green-table. Besides, one can calculate with more certainty upon the turn of a painted pasteboard than he can upon the wiles of Mr. Bulbare.

A. JONES.

## THE TORMENTS OF TYPOGRAPHY.

A CAUSE recently tried in the Supreme Court of New Hampshire brought to a legal test the popular proverb that "printers can read any thing," and forcibly illustrated the cruelty of authors who inflict their staircase wit upon the long-suffering compositor.

An eminent lawyer, who had been on the bench, prepared a digest of the New-Hampshire Reports, for the printing of which he made a contract with a firm acknowledged to be the best typographers in the State, who agreed to do the work for so much a printed page. It was distinctly specified that the copy must be very good, as the abundance of proper names, technical terms, abbreviations, figures, etc., would make it impossible for the compositor to produce fair proof unless the copy were distinct and legible in every separate word. It was even stipulated that the manuscript must not be in the author's hand, as these printers had had experience with it, and knew it to be unusually bad. It was also told him, in a letter which was produced in evidence on the trial, that any alterations he should make, after the type was set, would be very costly. The copy presented for the first sixteen pages was in a clerk's hand, and was pronounced satisfactory, and the work of composition was begun. After that, the copy furnished was partly in the author's own hand, partly in the clerk's, partly printed and partly written, pasted together in irregular shapes, interlined, and edge-written. The printers made complaint to the author, but kept their compositors at work on whatever copy was furnished. It was in evidence that the compositors had spent much time in consultations as to the probable signification of illegible passages, and had even, in a few cases, been obliged to leave the office and seek out a lawyer to read their copy to them. When the proofs were returned, they had been freely marked at variance with the copy. New matter was added in many places, old matter marked out, and all sorts of emendations required. An account was kept of the time spent in correcting these proofs, and a charge was made for it at the usual rate, fifty cents an hour. A charge was also made for the time spent in deciphering illegible copy. These charges, which amounted to several hundred dollars, the author refused to pay. Hence the suit. He refused also to pay full rates for the pages that had but little matter on them, or to pay any thing for the blank page backing the title-page. A large mass of the copy was brought in as evidence, and submitted to the inspection of judge and jury. The plaintiffs offered to bring in a page of the matter in type, with the marked proof, and have a compositor go through the process of correcting it before the jury, that they might understand the actual labor often involved in the insertion of a single new word after the type is set. But the court ruled it out, as unnecessary. The main reliance of the plaintiffs was upon usage and equity. The plea of the defence was that, if the copy offered was not such as the contract specified, the remedy of the plaintiffs was in refusing to accept it; that, by accepting it and working from it, they admitted its fairness. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, allowing the propriety of all the charges in the bill, but reducing the amounts charged for deciphering copy and correcting author's proofs.

The torments of typography are more numerous, and more exquisitely and persistently torturing, than any one not intimately acquainted with a printing-office can imagine. Seldom is a piece of manuscript seen, unless prepared by a working-editor, which is absolutely fit to be put into a compositor's hands, with instructions to follow copy.

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What is unexceptionable as a letter, as a sermon, or as a lawyer's brief, may be unfit for the compositor, until the editor or proof-reader has defaced it with numerous pencil-marks. And this is true throughout the whole range of productions offered for print, from those of chance writers in the provincial press, up to those of our best-known authors. Of the latter, the most perfect I have ever seen is Bayard Taylor's. But Mr. Taylor was a practical printer in early life.

The best copy is not always made by those who would be considered the best penmen. Our writing-schools and commercial colleges do a deal of mischief in this respect. The main object of manuscript is to be read. If it cannot be read, it is worthless; if liable to be misread, it is worse than worthless, though its flourishes be as fine and faultless as a bank-note engraver could produce. It is true that the professors of penmanship aim at a degree of perfection which shall combine elegance and legibility. But the majority of their pupils never attain that point. They generally stop short at a stage where their manuscript, if held at arm's-length, looks very graceful, even, and handsome; but when you bring it nearer the eye, and attempt to read it, you find that half a dozen different letters of the alphabet are represented by precisely the same sort of kink in the undulating lines that cross the page. It matters little how ungraceful or clumsy one's chirography may be; if he uniformly makes a distinct character for each letter of the alphabet, it can soon be read with ease. But there is a good deal of writing, called elegant, in which such words as "moreover" and "carnivorous"—words with no long letters in them—are represented by a mark like the outline of a row of saw-teeth. You can only guess them from the context, and can only guess the context from its long letters. When it treats of ordinary topics, such manuscript can be used, though it is always an annoyance. But when proper names and technical terms are written in this way, it becomes exasperating beyond all endurance. A somewhat noted man of science used to contribute periodically to the local paper, generally discussing the meteorological phenomena—ordinary and extraordinary—of the month. He used a very blunt pen, and most of his words resembled what the ladies call "tape-trimming." In attempting to dot an *i*, he generally hit the wrong head, and all the *f*'s bore their crosses vicariously. As compositors generally are not practical electricians, do not give their days and nights to the study of astronomy, and know comparatively little of geology or other ologies, the unsanctified mind will readily conceive that a plentiful amount of profanity preceded the clicking of every line of type. But the good old man, as he serenely glanced over his contribution in the morning paper, little dreamed with what agonies it had been born into the world of print.

Compositors have their own characteristic blunders—both those peculiar to the guild, and those peculiar to the individual. A proof-reader, after a while, comes to know them, and to anticipate certain errors. One of the most general is a tendency to exaggerate figures. Write one million in numerals, and the compositor is pretty sure to make it ten million. For some compositors, copy can be too plain. Receiving a piece that is clear as print, they at once become so confident of reading it with ease and correctness, that they make frequent misreadings. They do best with manuscript that requires a little study. Some never can get over a passage in which the same word occurs in two consecutive lines, without skipping all between the word and its repetition; some have so keen a sense of literal justice, that they always give "preceding a double e, because "preceding" has one; and some look contemptuously upon the distinction between the possessive singular and the possessive plural as an unworthy quibble of collegians.

But, of all typographical torments endured by the daily press, none are comparable with those inflicted by the telegraph. Nothing need be said of the vast mass of trash sent over the wires every twenty-four hours, not half of which would be read—if, indeed, it would be printed—were it not for the magical words "By telegraph." The agents of the various press associations must answer for this. The telegraph would be blameless if it would only deliver faithfully and accurately at one end whatever is put upon it at the other. The *Journal of the Telegraph* prints the following message, which, it says, was recently sent over the line, and gravely discusses the question whether the operator was justified in sending it *verbatim*:

"Hiert A Bay Hors fifetin hans hy Short Main and Tail Blind in Lef Eye letter C. S. on left sholder Hiert to a man by the naim of Stevens on monday to be Returnt on Tuesday no Returnt yet. ceep a Luk out for Hym and dhespatch to Greencastle and Shampersbug to sum cood man and I will pay you for it."

If the operator sent that message exactly as it is written, it was perfectly intelligible, though nearly every word is misspelled. But, when plain English travels by the lightning-team, it often arrives at its destination looking as if the lightning had struck it on the way. If the poor gamin's message was delivered just as he wrote it, the telegraph served him better than it is wont to serve the President of the United States. I read a recent message of the President in one of the most respectable and widely circulated of the Boston dailies. Its typographical appearance showed that the proof had been read with unusual care. Yet I discovered thirty-two errors that affected the sense, and perhaps might have found more with an authentic copy before me.

The cause of this trouble is twofold. First, there is a difficulty inseparable from the sound-system. The receiving operator can never tell what is coming; he must generally begin a sentence with little idea as to what is to be its close. Hence a very slight misconception or variation of sound may lead him astray, and cause him to change the whole import of the sentence in hand. Second, operators are mostly men of too limited education. They go into the offices as message-boys when very young, learn to operate, and gradually work up to responsible positions without ever receiving any more schooling. This fact betrays itself continually in the press reports as they come from the telegraph-office. Geographical and historical names and allusions are almost invariably wrong, and an argumentative paragraph is sure to be muddled by having its periods put in the wrong places. Some telegraphic errors are so pertinacious as to suggest a sort of galvanic stereotype. The Prince of Asturias, when he travels over the wires, always goes, *incognito*, as the "Prince of Austria." If Congress takes a vote by tellers, the press is informed that it was taken by "letters." And, whenever the wires are up, the boundary between Colombia and Columbia is sure to be down. You can no more induce a telegraph operator to forego his indulgence in these and kindred blunders, than you can coax, cajole, train, frighten, drive, or hire, a provincial compositor to spell tranquillity with a double *l*.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

## SABOTS.

SOME years ago, while travelling through Northern France, and stopping overnight at the *auberge* of a small market-town in the Department of Côtes-du-Nord, I was awakened early in the morning from a sound sleep, after a whole day's tiresome travelling through straight and dusty *chaussées* of poplar—nothing but poplar—by a sound on the sidewalk below my window, unlike any thing that I had ever heard before. It was "clap-tap-tap," at regular intervals and in quick succession—"clap-tap-clap-rap-e-trap-rap," etc., etc., sometimes right beneath the window; then a little farther off, coming or going; and then, again, it seemed to come from the middle of the street. In vain did I speculate—lying in the bed, half awake—what all this noise, so early in the morning, could possibly be. But soon, being fully awake, and going to the window, I at once observed the cause of the uncouth noise that had so rudely broken off my morning's nap. There, below, was a long file of sturdy-looking and stout peasant-women, all with huge baskets on their heads, tramping and clattering up the street in the direction of the market-place outside the old church that I had passed the evening before. One after another, sometimes two or more going abreast, they passed rapidly by, every time they put down the foot being accompanied by a loud "clap-tap" on the hard pavement. Some men, with coarse, sun-burned features, long hair, and broad-brimmed hats, there were among them, but not many; they were mostly women and half-grown girls, the latter, however, dressed exactly like their elders, and carrying baskets equally large and well filled with fruits, potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds. Never before had I supposed that women could make such a distracting noise, and I stood lost in wonder over what on earth they could have on their feet that could make such a clatter. This I was not long in discovering; for their short skirts revealed at every step a piece of blue or red stocking, ending in a huge wooden shoe, turned up at the nose and almost as broad as long, which would, I estimated, weigh in the neighborhood of four or five pounds a piece. No wonder those wooden hammers could make a noise almost sufficient to wake the dead in the little church-yard they passed by on the hard flagging, and banish sleep from the eyes of any unfortunate and weary traveller that chanced to be within a mile of their performance.



These *sabots*, as they are called, however, awoke my interest. "I wonder who makes them, how much they cost, and how long they will last?" I thought; for, though I had travelled extensively through the Departments of Côtes-du-Nord, Loire-Inférieure, and Finistère, and frequently seen this kind of shoe worn in the country-places and exhibited for sale at the markets or country-fairs, I had never yet come across any one that seemed to be engaged in their manufacture. The peasants did not make their own *sabots*, but bought them ready made at the numerous booths and stalls where they on market-days were exhibited for sale, tied together with bands made of straw, as huge "ropes of pearls" on a yellow ribbon. Where did they come from? Who was engaged in their manufacture? I asked everybody I came across for this information. But all that I could gather from what seemed to be the best-informed sources was that nearly all *sabots* were imported from *du Nord* by large wholesale dealers in Rennes, Nantes, and Vannes. With that information I had to be contented, for I did not desire to go to these cities—one of which I had already visited, and the others were out of my way and programme—merely to satisfy my curiosity upon that point by "interviewing" the wholesale dealers in this commodity.

A little more than a year after, accident brought me to the kingdom of Denmark, and, after having transacted some business at Copenhagen, I went to the province of Jutland, forming the peninsula that juts out between the Baltic, the Little Belt, and the Cattegat on one side, and the North Sea on the other. In the centre of this country, I suddenly and unexpectedly came upon the makers of the *sabots* that I had seen worn in France, and there I found myself in the very heart of headquarters for the manufacture and production of this certainly very useful, if not ornamental, article.

For there, on both sides of the little river Gudena, dwell a people, honest, industrious, and exceedingly hospitable, as I found by practical experience, whose main pursuit and source of income is the making of wooden *sabots*, that are from there distributed over nearly all those parts of the world where this peculiar kind of "shoe" is worn. I shall never forget the hospitable habits, the cordial manners toward an entire stranger, and the quiet peace and happiness, that reigned among those people. The district that they occupy is formed by the centre of the ridge or rib that traverses Jutland from south to north, where it ends in the Skagen. To the east, the Gudena flows quietly, almost without a ripple, toward the beautiful inland lakes of Juel-Sø and Moss-Sø; to the northeast rises the Himmelsbjerget, the highest point in Denmark; to the north and south, rich fields of golden rye and barley, interspersed with pinkish-green patches of clover and white streaks of buckwheat, greet the eye; and toward the west the vista loses itself in the distance, where the clear blue sky seems to melt together with the undulating, dark-brown expanse of heather. Fata morgana are here of daily occurrence; looking steadily toward the west on a hot summer's day, you can see the air tremble and flicker, and presently some strange vision will appear before your eyes. Sometimes it is houses and churches, with domes and steeples; sometimes it looks like enormous mountains, with picturesque vales and grottos, and ragged, weather-beaten peaks and points; and sometimes, again, you could almost swear that you see a ship going full sail through the air, but, curiously enough, upside down. At other times I have seen the whole heather-grown expanse look, at a little distance, as one vast sea; but, if you tried to wade into it, the water would apparently recede, and you could never approach one step nearer to this fairy-lake.

Amid all this scenic poetry and beauty are the *sabots* manufactured. There are no great factories, no black smoke, no machinery, and no gangs of "hands," to be seen there; each "manufacturer" dwells in his own little cottage, clean and tidy inside, though it looks but humble with its walls of dried clay and roof of the dark-blooming heather. No "hands" are ever employed, save those of the maker himself and his family. The shoes are carved out of square wooden blocks of green maple or beech wood, which are first roughly formed with a hatchet into a shape having a remote resemblance to the human foot, and afterward finished off with a rasp and file, and some times sand-paper. When finished, these shoes are left to soak for about a week in one of the innumerable bog-holes filled with water that abound in the vicinity, which treatment improves their toughness and quality, and darkens the color. After that they are dried in the open air, and finally tied together in pairs, which are again strung and bundled together in dozens, or sometimes tens or

twenties. When the manufacturer has finished a sufficient number of pairs, he sends them to the neighboring ports of Aarhus, Aalborg, or Horsens, where they are shipped in small sloops—the whole cargo of which often consists of nothing but *sabots*—to Copenhagen, or sometimes direct to Lübeck or Hamburg, *via* Kiel. Here commercial travellers from Brétagne and Northern France buy them for the supply of their markets; and often these travellers or dealers go themselves to the direct source, and purchase from or contract for a quantity with the makers themselves. With but few exceptions, every wooden shoe worn in Brétagne, every *sabot* in France, is made many hundred miles to the north, on the banks of the quiet little river Gudena in Denmark; and few articles for human use have their origin amid less care and trouble, and among more contentment and happiness, than have the clumsy and uncouth, though lasting and weather-proof, *sabots*.

LOUIS BAGGER.

## EAST HAMPTON AND ITS OLD CHURCH.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

THERE is no part of Long Island, and but few sections of our country, which have so much historic and romantic interest as the eastern end of that island, the beautiful Peconic Bay, and the wild, surf-beaten peninsula of Montauk. Here were very early settlements, and here the last remnants of the great tribe of Montauks still maintain a fading existence. Here are stormy ocean shores in all their grandeur, and here too are placid bays and tranquil nooks, where the most solitude-loving yachtsman might anchor without fear of annoyance. Go on shore, and we find a people almost primitive in their ideas, descendants of bold, hardy pioneers, who, more than two hundred years ago, here planted their feet and proclaimed their right to worship God as their consciences dictated. But little have they changed since then. Most especially is this true of the southern side of Peconic Bay, the seat of the ancient Hampton villages, the abode of men who not only easily trace back their lineage for centuries, but live in houses whose timber left its parent earth one hundred and fifty years ago.

This region, like all the rest of Long Island, is exceedingly interesting to the geologist. It is a strange mass of drift, and presents also the singular anomaly of good fertile soil at both ends, while in the middle is a mass of almost worthless sand-hills. The traveller on the Long Island Railroad will be struck with this fact. One of the historians of the island theorizes that it was once joined at both ends to the main-land, or perhaps only at one, and that the mass of middle sands were thrown or washed up. However, whether it be to see the soil, to rest from the weary cares of business, to enjoy ocean-air and ocean-bathing in perfection, or to dwell amid scenes and things that carry one back far beyond the "time that tried men's souls," eastern Long Island is well worth a visit.

Of all the original places in that old-style land, and of all the places that date back into the seventeenth century, none so now retain the customs and relics of the past in their perfectness as East Hampton. Here, within one hundred miles of New-York City, is a place as dissimilar as if the great city were not; and within the quiet limits of this village, but for the telegraph-wires, one might easily imagine himself in a good old Puritan village of the last century.

Two hundred and twenty-one years ago, in October, the earliest recorded date, a band of hardy Puritans landed on the shores of Peconic Bay, and, passing southward to near the ocean, founded the present town of East Hampton. Nine years previous a similar band had founded South Hampton. Some came from Massachusetts, but the greater number direct from Kent, England. They named the town Maidstone, from the place most of them dwelt in in England, and why the name was changed, only a few years after, does not appear on any record. They paid for the land thirty-eight pounds four shillings and eight pence, and the Indians were also to have the "fynns and tails of all the whales as shall be cast up; alsoe if the Indyans, hunting of any deare, they should chase them into the water, and the English should kill them, the English shall have the body, and the Sachem the skin." The deed is signed by Richard Woodhull, Thomas Stanton, Robert Bond, Job Sayre, for the colonists, and Poggatacut, Wyandaneh, Momoweta, and Nowedonah, for the Indians; Chectanoo acted as interpreter.

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There were thirty-three of the original settlers, but some changes soon occurred. They laid out a long, straight street, about three hundred feet wide, and built their houses on each side of it. Each house had a lot adjoining of from eight to twelve acres. The mill and church were located at the south end of the street; the latter in the grounds laid out as a graveyard. These people could not live without a preacher and a church, even if they were of that clan who founded

"A church without a bishop,  
A state without a king."

So the first house built was used for church-meetings, and the owner was paid a shilling and six pence for each sabbath it was so used. As soon as possible they built a house for church purposes solely. It was finished in 1652, was twenty by twenty-six feet in size, with a thatch roof. This building was enlarged in 1673, and again in 1693. In 1717 it was rebuilt, nearer the middle of the town. A great many of the timbers of the old church were used in the new, and doubtless many of the beams were hewn out of the native trees over two hundred and twenty years ago. That vane, which one hundred and fifty years ago told the villagers of a favorable wind or an eastern storm, still tells the same tale with unerring faithfulness. But there is no end to human cupidity; and even in ancient East Hampton, with all the associations by genealogy and tradition with the far-distant past, this venerable relic of men and days long gone by has been sold under the hammer, and is to be torn down to gratify petty avarice and greed.

Previous to the remodelling in 1822, the old church presented the curious spectacle of a double gallery. The pews were box-like affairs, with high, straight backs, the seats made of two-inch plank. As it stands to-day, the frame is all of hewn white-oak, floor of pitch-pine, and the outside covered with juniper shingles. The seats are narrow and low, with backs about three feet high. The belfry once stood out from the end of the church, and the entrances, once on the church side, are now on the east side of the belfry, with a vestibule. The belfry-roof floor is covered with lead one eighth of an inch thick, and heavy oak-timbers form the framework of the tower. The view from the top is very fine; the eye sweeps far out oceanward, and counts the white sails and dingy smoke-stacks as they pass; while east, west, and north, perfectly-cultivated fields, richly clad in green, greet the eye; the long, wide street stretches out east and west, with its magnificent growth of elms, westward, lost in its various branches to other towns, amid woods, or traced as a thread-like line near the beach, between the green pastures and the yellow sands which hold the waves in check. Eastward it stretches its line far down to lonely and romantic Montauk, said by some to be the finest sea-drive in America. At either end of this street we see the rival windmills, wherein the grain of the town is ground. One is disabled from the late northeast storm, while the sails of the other are rattling gayly in the stiff breeze, and the hoarse creaking that comes floating to our ears tells that the miller is gay and busy inside, with plenty of grist to grind. Queer things those old-style windmills; they belong to another age, as every thing else about this odd old town. "Mr. Miller," said we, "why don't you paint your mill, your shingles will last longer?" for in the innocence of our hearts we thought they looked rather new, but showed signs of falling. "Well, sir, the mill's been this way for over seventy years, and I guess it will last me." Coming slowly over the weary road from Bridgehampton, we questioned our worthy driver about these windmills. "There come along here last summer another just such chap as you, and he hadn't never seen a windmill, and he didn't know nothing about them, and he asked the all-fired lot of questions; bimeby I just told him that after a long, calm spell, and there came a blow, the whole neighborhood turned out, and you might see them a running with their sacks on their shoulders to get their grist in first. They're not so mighty onsartin down here, stranger, for it does blow like forty devils sometimes."

The first minister who presided over this flock, thus strayed from the English fold, was Rev. Thomas James. He had settled in Charles-town, Massachusetts, in 1632, and came to East Hampton early in 1651. He ministered to them until 1696; then, a Mr. Jones supplied the pulpit for three years, when Rev. Nathaniel Huntington was pastor until 1753. His old age compelled him to retire, and, after some dissensions, the church united upon Rev. Samuel Buell, who officiated until 1798, and was succeeded by Rev. Lyman Beecher, who was pastor for nine years.

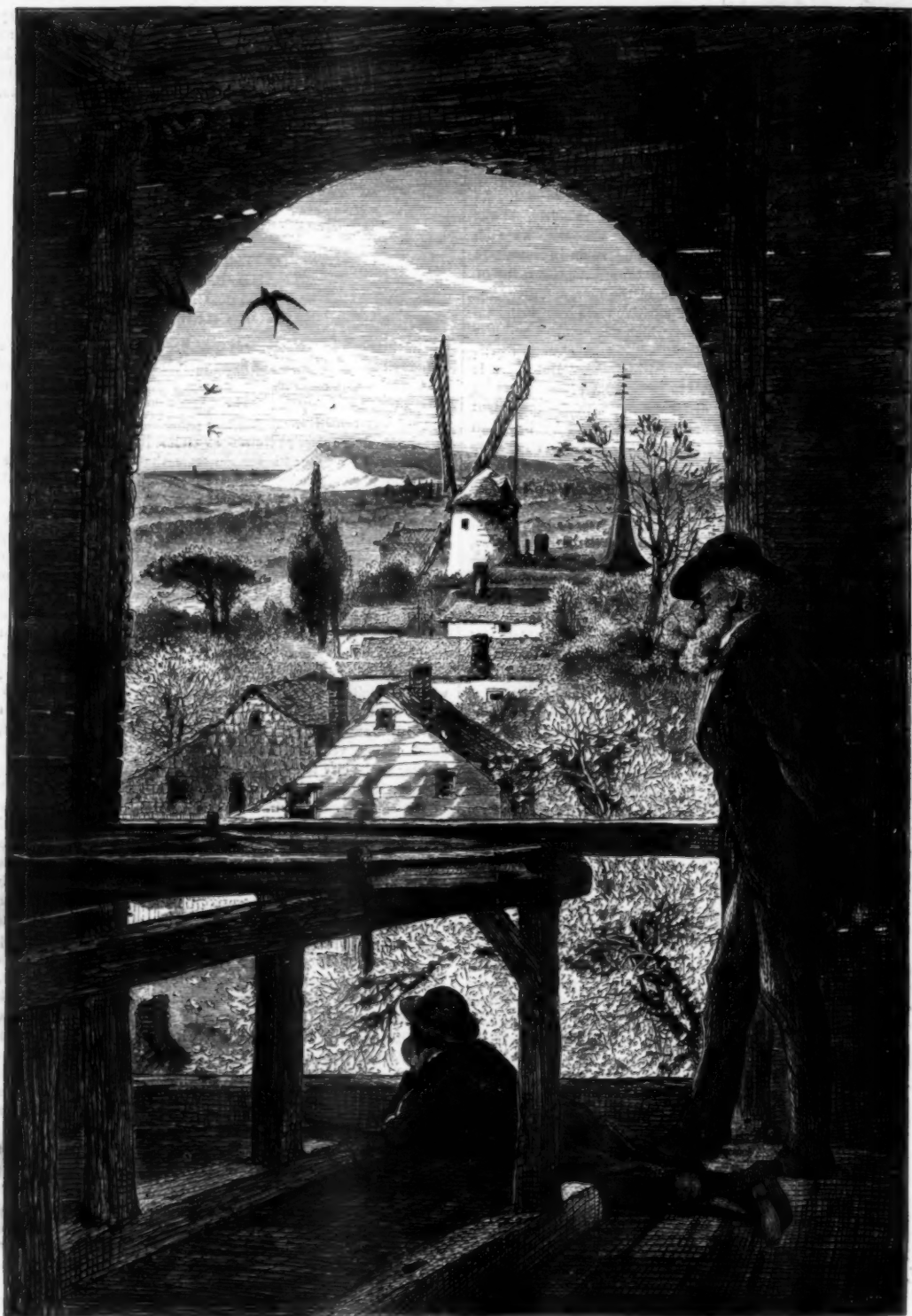
Mr. James was an upright, straightforward man, a strict Puritan. He requested that when he died he might be buried at a certain spot, with his head to the east, so that when he rose on the great Day he would rise facing his congregation. At that time, the church stood rather southeast of his grave, and all who had died were west of him; one hundred and seventy years, however, have placed many who knew him not east of his last resting-place. The inscription on his tombstone says:

MR.  
THOMAS  
JAMES DYED  
THE 16TH DAY OF  
JUNE IN THE  
YEARE 1696. HE  
WAS MINISTER  
OF THE GOSPEL  
AND PASTURE  
OF THE CHURCH  
OF CHRIST.

His salary was fifty pounds per year, afterward raised to sixty pounds; besides this he was exempt from land-tax, had one-fourth of the whales which came ashore, and on Monday morning his corn was to be ground before any one else's was touched. On the whale-question he was sensitive. A fine one came ashore on Napeague Beach, and the English rulers at New York claimed it as theirs. The following Sunday he preached a sermon from the text "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark," for which he was arrested and imprisoned in New York about six months. He gave the authorities a rasping for taking his part of the whale. It is a singular fact, in this connection, that so many whales were, in those days, found thereabouts. One chronicler speaks of seeing thirteen in one day. And on the town records is, "Ordered that Goodman Mulford shall call out ye town by succession to look for whale." As late, too, as the time of Dr. Beecher, he tells us that a man, with a white jacket, was constantly stationed on a pole, near the ocean, to look for whales; when one was seen he waved his jacket and gave a loud, shrill cry, called a weft. Immediately the town was all excitement. Methinks it would take a great whale to excite them now, for a more quiet place, a more perfect relic of things one hundred years ago, and a people ditto, does not exist. Had Rip Van Winkle gone to sleep there he might awake and see no great change, yet there are few more pleasant places for the tired dweller in the city to find the needed quiet.

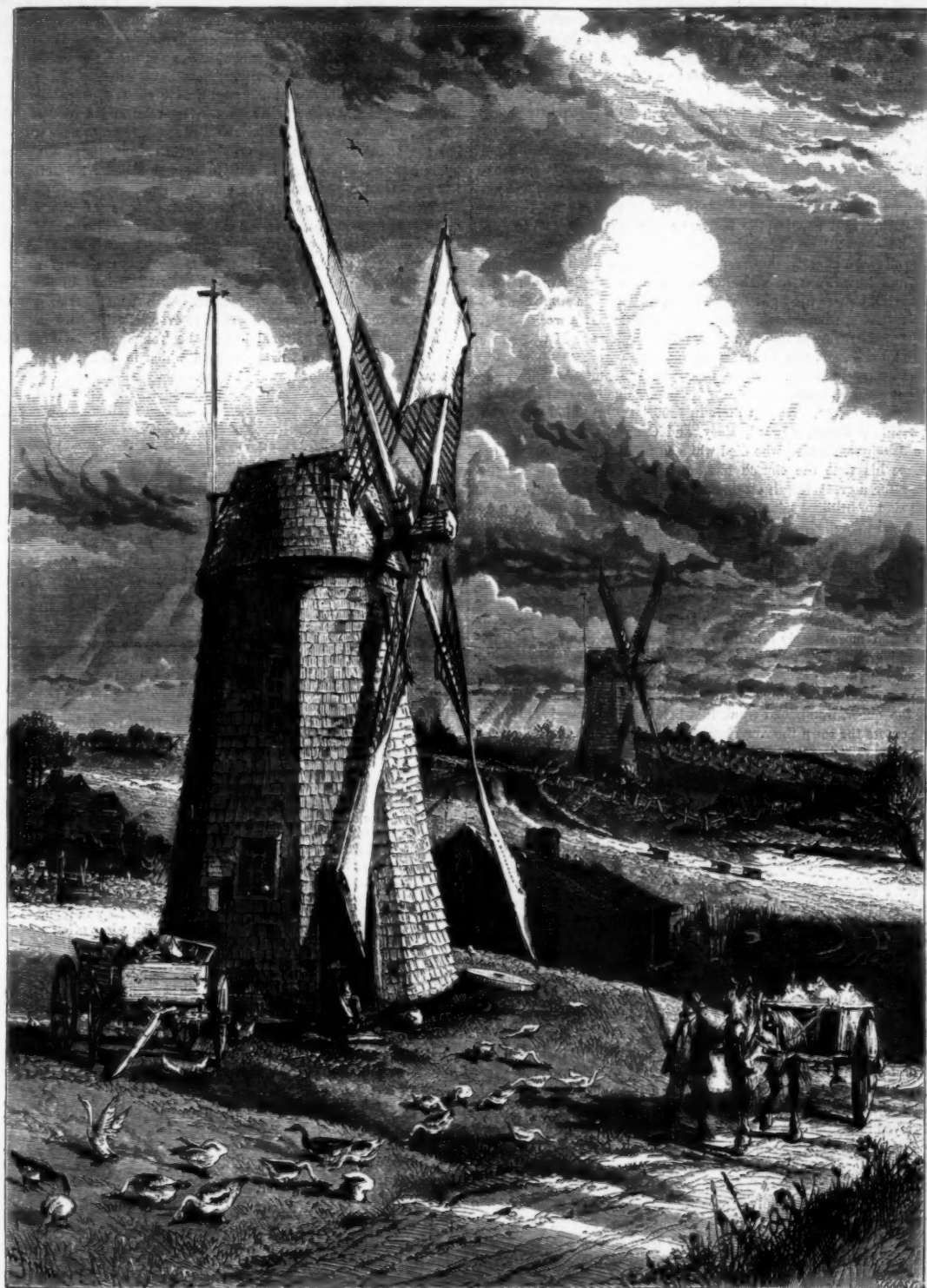
Rev. Nathaniel Huntington was the next pastor, and a descendant of the same name lives in the same house where the venerable minister lived and died. Rev. Dr. Buell, who followed him, was an original character, a man of great energy and an iron will. He stood by his people throughout all the trials of the Revolution. His cultivated intellect, and bold, fearless ways made him admired and respected by the British officers. Lord Erskine on one occasion had ordered the townspeople to be at South Hampton on Sunday morning with their teams. Erskine met the doctor on the street and told him of it. He replied: "I am myself commander-in-chief on that day, and have annulled the order." On another occasion, being introduced to Lord Percy, who was much ruffled because they were detained from a hunt to wait the doctor's arrival, he asked him, "What of his majesty's forces do you command?" Percy replied, "A legion of devils just from hell!" "Then," said the doctor, with a low bow, "I suppose I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the prince of devils."

The fourth minister was Rev. Lyman Beecher, whose name is known through himself and his children throughout the civilized world. Dr. Beecher found the town on his arrival there, about as it had been for the previous one hundred years. The broad street was there, but his efforts inspired the planting of the noble elms which now grace it. He, too, showed the people, by actual experiment, that they could grow apples on their soil—it had not previously been tried, because it was assumed that the salt air injured them. He, too, had the first carpet ever used in the town. It was an original one. He bought a bale of cotton; Mrs. Beecher spun it and had it wove. Then she got some paints from New York and painted handsome patterns on it. Soon after it was put down on the floor, Deacon Talmadge came to see them; he paused at the door with a look of admiration and wonder. "Walk in, deacon, walk in." "Wy I can't 'bout steppin' on it;" and, after a little pause, "D'y'e think ye can have all that, and heaven too?"



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—EAST HAMPTON, L. I.—VIEW FROM THE CHURCH BELFRY.





PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

These were the ideas of people seventy years ago, and they run in the same vein now. The summer visitors, regarded at first with distrust and suspicion, are tolerated now, because they create a home demand and higher price for products of the farm and dairy; yet Bill Gardiner, who dared to fix up a modern-style home to entertain the visitors, is looked on by the old régime as a desecrator, and his house a sacrilege.

Among the choir in the little chapel, we noted a very pretty young lady, with a sweet voice. Of the kind deacon, who was showing us around, and who is a lineal descendant of the aforesaid Rev. Nathaniel Hunting, we inquired her name. "That's Nettie —," We expressed surprise that so pretty a flower should blush unnoted and unknown, or at least unchanged in name, even in slow old East Hampton. "Ah," said he, "Nettie had a narrow escape last summer." "She did—how?" we eagerly inquired. "You see she is an orphan, and we all feel a guardianship over her. Well, there came a chap down here from New York to visit her, who'd seen her up there. We didn't think he was the right sort of thing, and then he stopped up to Bill Gardiner's, where he had to pay twelve dollars a week board. He was an extravagant fellow, and not the man for our Nettie, so we let him know it. It was a narrow escape, sir."

The salary paid Mr. Beecher was only four hundred dollars per year, not really as much as was paid Mr. James one hundred and twenty-five years before. He left there in 1809. Of his children, Catherine, William Henry, Edward, Mary, and George, were born there; also a daughter, Harriet, who died while an infant.

Since his time the church has had many different pastors, none staying for a great length of time. One, Rev. Samuel Hunting, a young man of brilliant talent, occupied the pulpit of his ancestor only a year, and then died, aged twenty-seven years.

But though, with changing ministers, some new ideas may have crept into the congregation, and caused the erection of a new church building, the town itself has hardly felt a spasm of change since 1800. The traveller leaves behind him the age of progress, the nineteenth century of wonders, when he leaves the railroad; every onward step carries him more deeply into things of the past, relics of days which good old grandfather talked of beside the glowing oak-fire in the old New-England home; every house reminds him of a style of architecture which we found pictured in the odd old geography that we rummaged from the queer, iron-bound trunk that held mother's precious things. As he enters the town the same broad street, through which the voice of the crier rang two hundred years ago, stretches out before his eyes. A pretty little lake, and the solemn old graveyard, give beauty and solemnity to the scene. For a mile before him stretches out this wide street, and on either side are ranged the houses of the townspeople, with their farms in the rear—the same farms, the same names owning them, and, in most instances, the same houses, which existed one hundred and fifty years ago.

East Hampton must be seen to be appreciated. One may go to New England and look at a village said to be two hundred years old, but there all is modernized; the busy clatter of the loom or hum of other machinery destroys romantic musings or old-time ideas. All there is materialistic, practical, of the present; here all is of the past, and the mind requires no effort to people this great street with the queer costume and ascetic manners of our ancestors of Plymouth Rock; to imagine them with slow and measured tread wending their way to and into the old church. Every thing around—the grand old elms, a few great oaks, the square, box-like houses, with their shingled sides all unpainted—all enforce forgetfulness of the rushing present, and bring up soothing visions of the calm old days of the past, visions of days sweet with childhood's recollections. Here, too, may be enjoyed in all purity unrivalled sea-air and sea-bathing, without the silly fashions of Long Branch or Cape May, or the stiff grandeur of Newport. Here are quiet and rest for the weary, a table spread with plenty, and a home without fashion.

The wide street is simply a great lawn, richly green with a thick mat of grass, common to all, and through it runs several tracks for vehicles. A horrid innovation has lately been enforced by legislative enactment, compelling the narrowing of the road-track to four feet eight and a half inches—New-York gauge. But few farm-vehicles were less than six feet—the only place in America I am informed where they are so wide. Another innovation in the shape of a railroad has been proposed; they do not want it. We spoke of it to one. He said: "They say it will increase the value of our lands. Well, if

it does, that's only more taxes. We don't wish to sell them, then why have them worth more than now?" One of their laws of two hundred and twenty years ago was: "That no townsman should sell his land to any one unless that purchaser was acceptable to the town." The same feeling, to some extent, exists now, and new settlers are not desired by the great majority.

Just a half mile from the straight, wide street runs parallel to it the ocean-beach. Down to it is a carriage-road and a foot-way, the latter, by the old records, called the Mill Road, because near where it left the street stood the first mill—which, we are informed, was run by ox-power. The beach is said to be a fine one for bathing, and the opportunities for blue-fishing unsurpassed.

To Dr. Hedges, a lineal descendant of one of the original settlers, we are indebted for much information, as also to Mr. David Hunting. Long may they live to perpetuate the noble names they bear, and may good, genial old-style East Hampton never know a change from the past to modern ideas! Illustrious in the noble names she bears in her town records, and which still remain within her limits, those she has sent forth have ever reflected back honor on their birthplace and paternal home—the Talmadges, the Conklings, the Gardiners, and that name around which is linked so much of sadness and joy—John Howard Payne.

HENRY E. COLTON.

## DARWINISM.

THE great interest excited by Mr. Darwin's latest work, "The Descent of Man," induces us to copy, from the *New-York Tribune*, the following clear and concise summary of its argument, and of Darwinism generally, written by Mr. George Ripley:

"Not a little curiosity has been awakened with regard to the contents of the present work, the purpose of which is to apply the principles of Natural Selection to the explanation of the origin or descent of the human race. The main questions to which it is devoted relate to the gradual evolution of man, like every other species, from a certain preëxisting form, and to the manner of his development. The conclusion at which the author arrives, after a long process of investigation, is that man is the co-descendant with other species of some ancient and lower form, which became extinct at a period anterior to any records of human experience.

"The evidence of the descent of man from some lower form is sought by the author, in the first place, from the correspondence between his physical structure and that of the lower animals. Man is constructed on the same general type with other mammals. The bones in his skeleton can be compared to those in a monkey, bat, and seal. So it is with his muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and internal viscera. The brain follows the same law. Man is liable to receive certain diseases from the lower animals, like hydrophobia, variola, the glanders, and others, which he also communicates to them in return. This fact proves the close similarity of their tissues and blood, both in minute structure and composition. Monkeys are liable to many of the same non-contagious diseases that we are. One species that was carefully observed for a long time in its native land was found subject to catarrh, with the usual symptoms, and which when often recurrent led to consumption. They suffered also from apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels, and cataract in the eye. Medicines produced the same effect on them as on us. Many kinds of monkeys have a strong taste for tea, coffee, and spirituous liquors. They will also, as Mr. Darwin has himself seen, smoke tobacco with pleasure. The natives of North-eastern Africa catch the wild baboons by exposing vessels with strong beer, by which they are made drunk. These facts prove how similar are the nerves of taste in monkeys and man, and how similarly their whole nervous system is affected. It is, in short, scarcely possible to exaggerate the correspondence in general structure, in the minute structure of the tissues, in chemical composition, and in constitution, between man and the higher mammals, especially the anthropomorphic apes.

"A fact of curious interest, on which Mr. Darwin dwells at considerable length, is the presence in the higher animals of certain organs in a rudimentary condition, such as the mammae of male quadrupeds, or the incisor-teeth of ruminants which never cut through the gums. Rudiments of various muscles have been observed in many parts of the human body. Not a few muscles, which are regularly present in some of the lower animals, can occasionally be detected in man in a greatly-reduced condition. The power which many animals, especially horses, possess of moving or twitching their skin, is due to a muscle, of which the remnants in an efficient state are found in various parts of our bodies; for instance, on the forehead by which the eyebrows are raised. Some persons have the power of contracting the superficial muscles on their scalps, and these muscles are in a partially rudimentary condition. M. de Candolle communicated to the author a

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singular instance of the inheritance of this power, as well as of its unusual development. 'He knows a family in which one member, the present head of a family, could, when a youth, pitch several heavy books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone; and he won wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and all his three children, possess the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches; so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resides in another part of France, and, on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his powers. This case offers a good illustration how persistently an absolutely useless faculty may be transmitted.' The extrinsic muscles which serve to move the whole external ear, and the intrinsic muscles which move the different parts, are in a rudimentary condition in man, and are also variable in development. Mr. Darwin has seen one man who could draw his ears forward, and another who could draw them backward. He remarks that, from what he was told by one of those persons, it is probable that most of us, by often touching our ears, and thus directing our attention toward them, could, after repeated trials, recover some power of movement. There is a little peculiarity in the external ear, pointed out by a celebrated sculptor, which is common to man and to monkeys. This consists in a small blunt point, projecting from the inwardly-folded margin, and visible when the head is viewed from directly in front or behind. These points are variable in size and position, standing either a little higher or lower, sometimes occurring on one ear, and not on the other. Mr. Darwin concludes that the occasional reappearance of this feature in man is a vestige of formerly-pointed ears, a dim sense of which was doubtless the origin of the legend which Hawthorne has turned to such admirable account in his weird creation of the 'Marble Faun.'

'Mr. Darwin mentions, as a noteworthy circumstance, that the posterior molar or wisdom teeth appear to be tending toward the rudimentary state in the more civilized races of man. These teeth are rather smaller than the other molars, as is the case with the corresponding teeth in the chimpanzee and the orang. They have only two separate fangs, and do not cut through the gums, till about the seventeenth year. They are much more liable to decay, and are earlier lost than the other teeth. In the Milanian races, on the other hand, wisdom teeth are usually furnished with three separate fangs, and are generally sound. They also differ from the other molars in size less than in the Caucasian races. The difference between the races is accounted for by the fact that the posterior dental portion of the jaw is shortened in those that are civilized, and this shortening may be attributed to the habit of feeding on soft, cooked food, and thus making less use of the jaw. In illustration of this point, Mr. Darwin was informed by a distinguished American traveller that it is becoming quite a common practice in the United States to remove some of the molar teeth of children, as the jaw does not grow large enough for the perfect development of the normal number.

'The bearing of the argument from the existence of rudimentary organs in the human system is easy to be understood. The homological construction of the whole frame in members of the same class is intelligible, if we admit their descent from a common progenitor, together with their subsequent adaptation to diversified conditions. On any other view it is impossible to account for the similarity of pattern between the hand of a man and monkey, or for the foot of the horse, the flipper of the seal, or the wing of the bat. It does not help the matter to say that they have all been formed on the same ideal plan. Nor can any explanation but that of a common progenitor account for the wonderful fact that the embryo of a man, a dog, a seal, or a bat, can at first hardly be distinguished from each other. The presence of rudimentary organs only becomes intelligible when we suppose that a former progenitor possessed the parts in question in a perfect state, and that under changed habits of life they were greatly reduced. We are thus enabled to see how man, and all other vertebrate animals, have been constructed on the same general model, why they pass through the same early stages of development, and why they retain certain rudiments in common. Hence, argues Mr. Darwin, we are bound to admit their community of descent. To take any other view is to admit that our own structure, and that of all the animals around us, is a mere illusion to lead the judgment astray.

'The questions suggested by a comparison between the mental faculties of man and the lower animals, present more serious difficulties on the theory of Natural Selection than those involved in their physical differences and resemblances. Even Mr. Wallace, one of the ablest supporters of the doctrine, who was led to its adoption by his own independent personal researches as a naturalist, hesitates to apply it to the explanation of the phenomena of mind, at least to the extent to which it is carried by Mr. Darwin. But the latter makes no exception to the sufficiency of the principle. His reasonings concerning its application to the mental powers are marked by singular ingenuity, and doubtless form the most significant portions of the present volume, although there are few thinkers but will pause before admitting their validity. He takes the position that there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties. As man possesses the same senses with the lower animals, his fundamental intuitions must be the same. He has also some in-

stincts in common with them, as that of self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the mother for her new-born child, and so forth. But man has perhaps fewer instincts than those possessed by the animals which come next to him in the series. The lower animals, like man, evidently feel pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. There is no happier sight than that of young animals, such as puppies, kittens, lambs, and the like, when playing together, like our own children. The lower animals are excited by the same emotions as ourselves. Terror, for example, acts in the same manner on them as on us, causing the muscles to tremble, the heart to palpitate, the sphincters to be relaxed, and the hair to stand on end. Suspicion, the offspring of fear, is eminently characteristic of most wild animals. Every one knows how liable animals are to furious rage, and how plainly they show it. The love of a dog for his master is notorious. Animals not only love, but have the desire to be loved. They feel emulation, and love approbation or praise. A dog carrying a basket for his master exhibits a high degree of pride. The dog also feels shame, as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty when begging too often for food. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at; and they sometimes invent imaginary offences. A baboon in the Zoological Gardens always got into a rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him; and his rage was so violent on one occasion, which Mr. Darwin witnessed himself, that he bit his own leg till the blood flowed. Animals enjoy excitement and suffer from *ennui*, as may be seen with dogs and monkeys. They feel wonder and curiosity. 'Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited toward snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised at his account, that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of *Cercopithecus* were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages and uttered sharp signal-cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon, alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, and some other new objects, were placed in their cages; for, though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled, and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in, and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking momentary peeps into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quiet at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoological affinities, for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at first sight of a turtle.'

'Many animals have the power of imitation; all have the faculty of attention. They have excellent memories for persons and places. Nor are they destitute of imagination, or of the reasoning faculty to a certain extent. 'Many facts have been recorded in various works showing that animals possess some degree of reason. I will here give only two or three instances, authenticated by Rengger, and relating to American monkeys, which stand low in their order.' He states that when he first gave eggs to his monkeys, they smashed them and thus lost much of their contents; afterward they gently hit one end against some hard body, and picked off the bits of shell with their fingers. After cutting themselves only once with any sharp tool, they would not touch it again, or would handle it with the greatest care. Lumps of sugar were often given them wrapped up in paper; and Rengger sometimes put a live wasp in the paper, so that in hastily unfolding it they got stung; after this had once happened, they always first held the packet to their ears to detect any movement within. Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals can reason, would not be convinced by any thing that I could add.'

'It has been alleged that man alone is capable of progressive improvement. But every one who has had any experience in setting traps knows that young animals can be caught much more easily than old ones. With respect to old animals, it is impossible to catch many in the same place, and in the same kind of trap, or to destroy them by the same kind of poison. They learn caution by seeing their brethren caught or poisoned. Our domestic dogs are descended from wolves and jackals, and, though they may not have gained in cunning, they have advanced in certain moral qualities, as in affection, trustworthiness, temper, and probably in general intelligence. The common rat has conquered several other species throughout Europe, in parts of North America, New Zealand, and China. The victory over a much larger



kind may be ascribed to the superior cunning of the common rat; and this quality is probably due to the habitual exercise of all its faculties in avoiding extirpation by man, as well as to his having successively destroyed nearly all the less cunning or weak-minded rats.

"It has often been said that no animal uses a tool. But the chimpanzee in a state of nature cracks a native fruit, somewhat like a walnut, with a stone. An American monkey has been taught to break open hard palm-nuts, and afterward, of its own accord, it used stones to open other kinds of nuts, as well as boxes. It thus also removed the soft rind of fruit that had a disagreeable flavor. Another monkey was taught to open the lid of a large box with a stick, and afterward it used the stick as a lever to move heavy bodies. In these cases, stones and sticks were employed as implements; but they are likewise used as weapons. In Abyssinia, when the baboons of one species descend in troops from the mountains to plunder the fields, they sometimes encounter troops of another species, and then a fight ensues. The first party rolls down great stones, which the others try to avoid, and then both species rush furiously against each other with a terrible uproar. A monkey in the Zoological Gardens, which had weak teeth, used to break open nuts with a stone. The same animal, after using the stone, would hide it in the straw, and would not let any other monkey touch it. Here we have the idea of property, but this idea is common to every dog with a bone, and to most or all birds with their nests.

"We have selected a few of the popular illustrations which are brought by Mr. Darwin to explain the affinities between man and the inferior animals, which, in his view, compel us to refer the origin of both to a common, but long since extinct, progenitor. They afford an example of the scope and method of his reasonings, but present only an imperfect idea of the variety and richness of his suggestions. Many of the topics of primary importance in the discussion, and which he unfolds at length, cannot even be alluded to in our limited space, and we must refer our readers for their explanation to the volume itself. A word or two as to the development of the 'rude forefathers' of our race must close this imperfect notice. In the primeval state of society, the individuals who were the most sagacious, who invented and used the best weapons or traps, and who were best able to defend themselves, would rear the greatest number of offspring. The tribes with the largest number of men thus endowed, would increase in number and supplant other tribes. As soon as the progenitors of man became social (which probably occurred at a very early period) the mental faculties would receive an important aid in the principle of imitation, together with reason and experience. The habitual practice of each new art must, in some slight degree, strengthen the intellect. In order that primeval men, or 'the ape-like progenitors of man,' should have become social, they must have acquired the same instinctive feelings which impel other animals to live in a body. They would have felt some degree of love for their comrades; they would have warned each other of their danger; and have given mutual aid in attack or defence. This implies a certain amount of sympathy, fidelity, and courage. A tribe possessing such qualities in a high degree, would be victorious over other tribes, but in course of time would, in its turn, be overcome by some other and still more highly-endowed tribe. Thus the social and moral qualities, which now form the chief distinction of the race, would tend slowly to advance and be diffused throughout the world.

"Whatever judgment may be pronounced as to the tendency of Mr. Darwin's views of the origin of man to humble the natural pride of ancestry, we ought not to lose sight of the fact that no philosophical writer of the present day sets forth a more exalted conception of the actual faculties and endowments of the race as developed under the highest forms of moral and religious culture in the progress of civilization. He almost goes out of his way to do justice to the ideas and beliefs which have been regarded by the wisest thinkers in every age as the crowning glory of humanity. In this respect, his system presents a favorable contrast to the shallow, sensualistic, French philosophy of the eighteenth century, which resolves the most refined sentiments of our nature into fleshly illusions. 'The question,' says Mr. Darwin, 'whether there exists a Creator and Ruler of the Universe has been answered in the affirmative by the highest intellects that have ever lived. I fully subscribe to the judgment of those writers who maintain that of all the differences between man and the lower animals, the moral sense or conscience is by far the most important. This sense, as Mackintosh remarks, 'has a rightful supremacy over every other principle of human action;' it is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance. It is the most noble of all the attributes of man, leading him, without a moment's hesitation, to risk his life for that of a fellow-creature; or after due deliberation, impelled simply by the deep feeling of right or duty, to sacrifice it in some great cause.'"

### FREDERIC CHOPIN.

THOUGH his works are generally well known and admired, the life of Frédéric Chopin appears to many almost mythical and without form. His days were indeed short, but by no means void of

interest and usefulness. Though great in the sphere in which he labored, the world seems not to have awarded him that praise and honor deserved by his abilities. His mind and powers were not inferior to those of Mozart, notwithstanding that the latter sheds a more brilliant light. Unlike the masters in general, he confined all his practice to the piano-forte alone; and the skill with which he handled that instrument has won for him the honor of being the greatest pianist on record.

Born in 1810, at a small village near Warsaw, the early days of his youth occasioned no little anxiety to his parents; for his constitution was frail and sickly, and the breath of life seemed barely sufficient to maintain his existence. It was doubtless his calm and patient endurance of suffering which gave rise to his affability and gentleness in after-life, and rendered him an object of universal love and admiration.

At the early age of nine years he began the study of music, seeking, as it were, in its hallowed charms, a solace for his cares and afflictions. One year later he won the esteem of Madame Catalini, the world-renowned *cantatrice*, who presented him with a watch, bearing the following inscription: "Madame Catalini to Frederic Chopin, aged ten years."

Soon after he was placed under the care of Ziwna, the earnest disciple of Sebastian Bach, and, by the favorable influence of the Prince Radziwill, he was enabled to pursue an extended course of study in accordance with the most classic models.

In early youth Chopin formed an attachment for a young lady who lived in the same village. She was his first love, kind, true, and affectionate, and possessing no small degree of beauty. They had played together when children, and had looked forward into the future with the brightest dreams of happiness. But, during one of the tempests which have so often afflicted the political life of Poland, Chopin was obliged to leave his native land—an exile. It was a separation, not only from parents, kinsmen, and friends, but alas! from her who had cheered his youth, and who might have prolonged his years. She, heart-broken and sad, found an early grave; he, a stranger among strangers, lived a few years, and died lamenting her.

Chopin was introduced into the most noted society of the day, and won tokens of respect from the highest classes. He was accomplished in other arts than music. His knowledge of the classics was great, and his proficiency in *belles-lettres* was only equalled by the eagerness with which he sought that branch of literature. In music he was an expert, and was already pronounced a *maestro*. He was also a poet, not unworthy of his poetic nation, among whose bards are some that rank among the first in the world.

In his choice of musical productions, the Italian school of art was always held by him in the greatest distaste. With the exception of a few melodies, the works of Schubert were displeasing. Those in which there existed the least sharpness in the *contours*, he would not listen to. He once remarked of Schubert, that "the sublime is desecrated when followed by the trivial or commonplace."

Among the piano-composers, Hummel was his most admired, but Mozart his *beau idéal*. Chopin left Warsaw at the breaking out of the revolution of the 29th of November, 1830. After visiting many of the German cities, he finally settled in Vienna. Here he gave concerts, but they met with little appreciation. Then he determined to go to London, *via* Paris. It is said that, "upon his passport drawn up for England, he had caused to be inserted, 'passing through Paris.' These words sealed his fate. Long years afterward, when he seemed not only acclimated but naturalized in France, he would smilingly say, 'I am passing through Paris!'"

In Paris he gave many concerts, and met with success. About this time Madame George Sand shone as a flaming torch in Parisian society. Her accomplishments were such as are rarely met with. She had already written and published her "Indiana," "Valentine," and her "Lælia," that most delightful prose-poem of French literature. Hearing of Chopin's abilities, she naturally longed for an acquaintance with him.

Strange to say, the musician feared Madame Sand more than any other woman in France, because she possessed a spirit so bold and daring, and a will so sternly inflexible.

At last, however, they met, and an intimacy arose, lasting until death separated the two.

In 1837 Chopin was attacked by a severe illness, and his physician advised him to seek rest in the sunny south. Madame Sand,

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with the usual kindness of her sex, offered to accompany him. The island of Majorca was selected. It is hard to tell whether it was the gentle sea-breezes, and the mild, delightful climate of their retreat, or the tender, fostering care of his companion, which restored him to health, and enabled him once again to revisit Paris. Surely the love of the woman did not fail in its beneficent influence.

Toward the year 1840, and thereafter, the health of Chopin again began to fail. Notwithstanding this, he kept busily at work, and each year brought many compositions to Paris from his quiet abode at Nobaut.

From 1846 onward he could not use his limbs, and his affliction grew so fearful that his life was daily despaired of. M. Gutman, his favorite and pupil, was with him constantly. The close of 1847 found him much better. Hopes were revived, and longer days on earth were dreamed of.

During the Revolution of 1848 he was confined to his bed, but apparently took an interest in passing events.

In August he felt so relieved that he made a journey to England, where he was received with great distinction. There he gave two public and many private concerts. He was presented to the queen by the Duchess of Sutherland. He went to Edinburgh, and was there the subject of extended praise and admiration.

Returning to Paris, he patiently awaited the final summons. The festivity and excitement to which he had been recently subjected proved too much for him. That constitution which time had for years been undermining was soon to sink, and already the work of dissolution had begun.

On the morning of the 17th of October, 1849, the artist, in a low and scarcely-audible tone, whispered, "Who is near me?" Learning that it was his friend M. Gutman, Chopin bent his head to kiss the hand of his much-esteemed pupil; and, while performing this last token of affection, he died, as he had lived—in love.

Mozart's celebrated *requiem* was performed at the funeral, which took place, with much display, at the Madeline Church, on the 30th of October, 1849.

Of the works of Chopin, mention need scarcely be made. In all his compositions there is boldness, but no harshness; every strain is rich, but clear and distinct. The formation shows an artistic hand, and the coloring and luxurious ornament betray a master unrivalled in his skill and ingenuity.

They are written in the highest style of brilliancy and art, but never is the truly sublime injured by the introduction of the trivial or the commonplace.

His *nocturnes*, *ballades*, *impromptus*, and *scheros*, stand unsurpassed in their refined harmony and delicacy of embellishment. All are marked by a startling originality.

His *Polonaises* have not received that amount of study which they deserve, owing to the extreme difficulty of rendering them accurately, but they are, nevertheless, the products of his greatest power and inspiration. Their tone is martial, and brings before our minds the fiery ardor and courage of his countrymen. Though natural in their effects, they never fail to remind one of the almost superhuman spirit which gave them birth.

It is only within a very few years that the works of Chopin have met with any degree of reception in this country. At first they appeared in the concert-room under the hand of the *virtuoso*, then were performed by orchestras, and now, happily enough, they take places in our choicest *répertoires*.

They are not merely the productions of an expert, but of a master; therefore they demand a great deal of study and perseverance before their excellences are revealed. They are, on the whole, a sort of *odd beauties*, and oddity, by the general rule, cannot be understood and appreciated without close study and examination beforehand.

The American conservatories of music have done more to regenerate and purify the study of the masters in this country, than all the private instructors put together. They are noble institutions, and should be looked upon by the citizens, in common with the public schools, as the refiners of taste, discipline, and morality, and a God-sent blessing upon our youth. Instead of having to ask the parents for information as to Haydn, Beethoven, or Chopin, our sons and daughters have themselves become the instructors in the household. And it will be a glorious day when this happiness shall have become universal.

GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.

## OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown;  
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say,  
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,  
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May,  
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either. They ever go up or go down;  
And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired—grown purer and wiser each year;  
The stars are not farther above you, in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder five summers ago,  
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;  
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and His angels have talked;  
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?  
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have rolled on?  
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,  
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clear as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the years that have fled;  
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead!

She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like her soul, aspires;  
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

## TABLE-TALK.

IN every art the attention is apt to be diverted from the essential principle to the difficulties of the method. Amateurs and connoisseurs are especially prone to over-estimate technical triumphs, and to lose sight sometimes of the real purpose of an art in admiration for dexterity. Music, for instance, is designed to produce various impressions upon the imagination by means of certain concords of sounds. The methods by which these results may be secured are the study of the musician, and the difficulties of accomplishing his end are known to be great. But the connoisseur, who first begins by delighting in the product of the musician's skill, is apt gradually to transfer his admiration from the music to the method, and so, in the end, is often far more enamoured of manual dexterity and ingenious devices, than of the concords which this skill is merely the vehicle for producing. There is no doubt that the essential quality of an art is thus often lost sight of altogether. People who extol a performer because he has executed a difficult piece of music on the piano with one hand, or by any other dexterous process, have a right to their admiration; but their critical perceptions are greatly confused, if they do not perceive that it is not the music but the legerdemain of the thing they are applauding. There are more amateurs in music than in any other art—more who have some sort of understanding of the great physical difficulties that pertain to it, and hence we find generally not merely a better appreciation of the skill or dexterity that can overcome them, but a greater disposition than we find in regard to other arts to exalt the importance of these difficulties. "Have you seen," cry out certain critics, "Signor Teutorini play 'Yankee Doodle' with his elbow? It is wonderful! Go and see it by all means." Now, this sort of thing is really as absurd as if one should say: "Have you read Peter Smith's new novel? A wonderful work! Every line of it was written with the pen held between his toes! Oh, it is splendid!" Or, in art, if we should hear that "Jack Palette's new picture is marvellous! Painted every bit of it while he was standing on his head! A wonderful picture!" Of course, legitimate dexterity—that is, that skill which enhances effects—is entitled to our admiration, but not that sort of skill which is simply a device for extorting surprise or wonder. Novelities in art have their place among the vulgar curiosities of a show; they are no higher than the tricks of the necromancer or the dexterity of acrobats. It is not surprising that artists should sometimes over-estimate the manual or other difficulties of their art, in view of the long and patient study required to overcome them; but this disposition often leads to a substitution of mechanism for expression, of tricks and ingenuities for feeling, and, plucking from art its life and soul, gives to it mere pedantry and form.

— If the news from England be true, our trousers are doomed to speedy extermination. With the opening of spring, it is authoritatively stated, the new style of nether habiliments, known as knickerbockers are

to come into general vogue all through her majesty's dominions. This, of course, is only a forerunner of our own fate, for the beaux of Fifth Avenue will not be long in accepting the dictum of the swells of Regent Street. Some will hail this new radical change in our dress with delight; others, of course, with alarm and apprehension. The thin-legged men, however, need not despair; for art is very potent in correcting the mistakes, or in supplementing the omissions, of Nature. Calves can be made warranted to fit the straightest and most undeveloped limbs, and to give them every grace and shapeliness. The difficulty, at first, will be in obtaining a supply sufficient for the demand. Calf-makers, however, would probably rapidly spring up in all quarters, and ere long the new traders would become as abundant as dentists or cobblers. Trousers have certainly held their own exceedingly well, especially in view of the fact, or tradition, that they were invented by a famous beau as a means of concealing a defect in his leg. The inventor did not know what a blessing he was conferring upon thin-legged unfortunates. Trousers have, in their long history, undergone not a few changes. Half a dozen years ago they hung around the limbs in vast plenitude of cloth; a dozen years ago they clung to the limbs almost as tightly as the old-fashioned breeches; twenty years ago they were worn stretched down to, fitted over, and strapped to the boot, in a manner that rendered sitting or walking far from comfortable. The comparatively recent invention of the spring-bottom—a method of cutting, simply, we believe—enables the trousers to fall gracefully over the boot without the aid of the strap, lacking which the leg of the trousers had previously reached the boot in a clumsy and inelegant manner. If trousers are really to go out, some one of our learned tailors should give us a history of their invention and vicissitudes. We are inclined to think, however, that the knickerbockers will have a long struggle of it. Trousers are thoroughly well grounded in the estimation of a large majority. They are respectable, and, at the same time, democratic—bringing handsome legs down to the level of poor legs, and setting up every man on his pins in perfect equality with his neighbor. They have an ugly way, it is true, of bagging at the knees, which the knickerbockers would not; but conservatism sticks to its old pains as well as to its old delights. They are prone to be troublesome to those walkers who interfere, and often gather up not a little mud and moisture at rainy seasons; but these are all evils that we bear rather than fly to others we know not of. Our beaux may hesitate a little in adopting the knickerbockers, may want the courage to boldly step out into Fifth Avenue dressed in the novelty; but the coming summer-vacation will afford young gentlemen first-rate opportunities to experiment with them a little. They would look very well on the croquet-ground, on a mountain-ramble, in the pleasure-boat; and, once thus familiarized, the transition to our town-promenades would be comparatively easy.

— We believe that the spirit of heroism is more abundant and more frequently exhibited than is commonly accorded. The en-

gineer who heroically remained at his post, at the recent New Hamburg disaster on the Hudson River Railway, has been extolled far and wide with too much depreciation of average human nature in these emergencies. "A few times in every one's memory," says one writer, "some act of magnificent self-abnegation comes out to redeem the untold meanness and grossness that make one ready to prove utterly faithless." Do not these acts occur many times in every one's memory? They are not always accompanied with those circumstances that conspicuously fix the attention of the world, and yet there is rarely a great disaster that has not at least one incident of heroism to fire the enthusiasm of mankind. If one were to follow up carefully the records of all the shipwrecks on our coast, is it not certain that he would have material for a Book of Heroes? How often captains, like the heroic engineer, remain steadfastly at their post, and go down to death and darkness with their ships! How often do we hear of heroic efforts to rescue shipwrecked men! Wherever there is danger we may be sure to discover that spirit of self-abnegation that makes heroes. It exhibits itself in every battle, in every march, in every storm-tossed vessel, in thousands of places where the eye of the chronicler cannot reach. Nor is the heroism of the world displayed only in cases of danger. Many men live long lives without ever encountering the necessity or having the occasion to show their mettle in this way, and yet who daily enact their heroisms. Heroism is in fortitude as well as in courage; it is moral as often as it is physical. There are men who, like the engineer at New Hamburg, remain steadfast at their posts through many dangers, and many trials; who, impelled by strict regard for duty, sacrifice health and all the sweetness of life in honorable fealty to others. There are fathers and husbands whose prolonged years are but one record of self-supplication. There are wives and mothers whose lives are made up of self-devotion. Obligation and duty are the woof and web of ordinary experience, and there are but few of us who are below or can claim to be above the burdens they impose. The admiration which heroism inspires could not exist if the world were filled with "untold meanness and grossness." We are all prone, whenever heroism is enacted under picturesque or dramatic conditions, to exalt it too much above the daily self-sacrifice of other men; but the heart of human nature in its sympathy for these acts of self-abnegation proves that it is not so bad as the cynics paint it.

— Whatever men may think of the captive of Wilhelmshöhe, a certain tender interest cannot but linger around her who added to his splendor and who now shares his misfortunes. It is said of the empress, by those who knew her personally, that she was particularly attentive to all the minor politenesses of life, and never failed in courtesy to those about her. One day two young Americans were sauntering along a narrow street in Paris, which, as was often the case, had no sidewalks to protect pedestrians from passing vehicles. As the young men approached a corner, there suddenly wheeled around, into the street where they were, a man on horseback,

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going at a goodly pace. One of the young men was for going on after the horseman had passed, but the other, more versed in the ways of Paris, from longer residence, drew him by the arm under the shelter of the wall, close to the corner, exclaiming: "Wait! That is an imperial outsider; probably the empress is coming; I know the livery." He had hardly time to speak these words, before there was a rattle of hoofs and wheels, and around the corner swept a magnificent carriage with all the insignia of imperial rank; there was no time to admire the horses, or the liveries, or do any thing else but gaze into the carriage, for there sat, calm as a summer morning, and beautiful as spring, the empress herself, with some other lady at her side. The young men instinctively raised their hats and bowed. Perhaps the empress saw that they were strangers—not "to the manor born"—or it may have been only her accustomed manner of returning salutes; at all events, she smiled most pleasantly, and bowed in the most gracious manner to the young men. Then the brilliant cortege swept on, leaving with the strangers the memory of a lovely vision to be carried to their distant homes, and often thought of in these disastrous days of France and the empress.

### Literary Notes.

THE London *Saturday Review* regrets that Mr. St. George Mivart's "Genesis of Species" had not appeared before the "Descent of Man," inasmuch as it would have put it within Mr. Darwin's power to have included in his work a suitable survey of Mr. Mivart's position. "In no work in the English language," says the *Review*, "has this great controversy been treated at once with the same broad and vigorous grasp of facts, and the same liberal and candid temper. The range and depth of Mr. Mivart's learning are as conspicuous as that unvarying courteousness of tone which we have been by no means used to meet with in most phases of the same strife. His strategy is not carried on, indeed, as is often the case, along the whole breadth of the line. It forms no part of his position to decry as false or baseless, still less to ridicule, as has been so often the case with more forward or less thoughtful critics, the whole conception of Natural Selection. From the 'more or less crude conceptions' which have been put forth by most of the opponents of Messrs. Darwin and Wallace he is eager to dissociate himself. What he rather expects and aspires to forward as the ultimate solution of the problem is the development of some *tertium quid*, 'the resultant of forces coming from different quarters, and not coinciding in direction with any one of them.' Far from denying to Natural Selection the place of a true cause in the evolution of organic differences, he would yet see in it but one out of many concurrent principles of differentiation. Its beautiful simplicity, its applicability to the details of geographical distribution, to rudimentary structure, to homology, to mimicry, and other branches of physiological investigation, are fully recognized by him. The antagonism supposed by many to exist between it and theology is declared by him to be neither necessary nor universal. What Mr. Mivart insists upon is that the theory of Natural Selection, however supplemented and aided by that of Pangenesis, though true, is not the whole truth; that it can be shown

to be quite insufficient to explain a number of important phenomena connected with the Origin of Species, and that it must, in consequence, itself be capable of being merged in some higher law, aided and supplemented by some more recondit agency."

Some German periodicals have gained very largely in circulation since the breaking out of the present war. The *Cologne Gazette*, which, on the 1st of June, 1870, had only fourteen thousand subscribers, has now forty thousand. The *Gartenlaube* obtained, from the 15th of June to the 15th of October, 1870, thirty thousand subscribers. The same increase is claimed for *Weber's Leipzig Illustrated News*. Hackländer's *Stuttgart Illustrated News* (*Ueber Land und Meer*) even claims to circulate now one hundred thousand copies more than it did at the beginning of the war.

Among new periodicals in Europe is a Dutch fortnightly review, under the title of "Our Century," and a new weekly periodical in Constantinople printed in modern Greek, and designed chiefly for female readers, with a view to promote their intellectual development. This, from Constantinople, is a significant sign of the times.

The second volume of Darwin's "Descent of Man" will appear during the present month. The interest evinced in this remarkable work is very great. Probably no scientific discussion has extended so widely among general readers as that raised by Mr. Darwin.

The war has given rise in Germany to the appearance of an endless number of books, pamphlets, periodicals, maps, etc. In the three cities of Leipzig, Berlin, and Stuttgart, nearly twenty-five hundred publications of the aforesaid description had appeared during the last six months of the year 1870.

Alexandre Dumas, Jr., denies, in the Italian papers, that his father left as large a number of novels and plays in manuscript as was reported after the death of the great romancer. He says that his father left only two unfinished novels and the outlines of a few plays.

Volumes three and four of Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," have been published in London; these issues bringing to a close the history of the celebrated Tower, "with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame."

Mame & Co., the great Tours publishing-house, one of the most extensive book-concerns in Europe, suspended operations in October last, most of its workmen being enrolled in the army.

Hermann Grimm, the author of "Unconquerable Powers" and of the "Life of Michael Angelo," which was translated into seven languages, is a soldier in the Prussian Army, and was severely wounded in front of Amiens.

The average circulation of the daily papers which appeared in Paris during the siege, from the 1st of October, 1870, to the 1st of January, 1871, was less than fifty thousand copies.

The London School Board has virtually pledged itself to the admission of the principle of compulsory education, but has not yet entered upon a discussion of the details.

Robert Browning has contributed to the fund for the relief of distress in France, one hundred pounds, being the proceeds of a new poem.

The copyright of Eugene Sue's novels in

France is said to be worth very little or nothing, the demand for his books having entirely ceased.

Spielhagen, the German novelist, recently declined an offer to become managing editor of that excellent Vienna paper, the *Neue Freie Presse*.

A work on "The Newspaper Press, its Origin, Progress, and Present State," by Mr. James Grant, is announced in London.

M. Leroy-Dut, one of the founders of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, died in December last, in Paris, in a garret, in a destitute condition.

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon III. is actively engaged in writing his autobiography.

Jules Janin, the eminent French *feuilletoniste*, lives now at Brussels.

The title of Berthold Auerbach's next novel will be "A Son of the Black Forest."

### Foreign Items.

AN expensive morning-visit was paid the other day to a wealthy Hebrew banker in the city of Vienna. The Princess Pauline de Metternich, who now lives at the capital of Austria, devotes her whole time and energy to collecting funds for the relief of the suffering French. Early one morning she sent one of her footmen with the list of contributions to M. O—, a wealthy banker, who at the time was yet in bed. The list is presented to the nabob on a silver tray. He looks at it and hands it back, yawning and saying: "Oh, if the princess herself had come, I should have subscribed five thousand florins." Early on the following morning the banker was awakened again, and a closely-veiled lady was ushered into his presence. She remove her veil, and the astonished banker saw that his fair visitress was no other than the Princess de Metternich. "You told my servant yesterday," she said to him, "you would subscribe five thousand florins if I would call on you myself. Here I am, and here is the list." There was no help for it. The banker had to subscribe the sum, and the princess left rejoicing.

The Continental papers are quarrelling over the question where Marshal Bazaine was born. According to the St. Petersburg *Gerichtsbote*, Bazaine is a Russian by birth, and probably a native of St. Petersburg. It is said that, in February, 1811, there was left at the door of M. Bazaine, a French officer of engineers who lived in St. Petersburg, a baby, which was adopted by M. Bazaine and his wife, who had no children. A German journalist, on the other hand, pretends to be able to prove that Marshal Bazaine was born in Hanover. His father, says the journalist, was military intendant in the city of Hanover, where he fell in love with a young lady. In spite of the opposition of her relatives, he married her, and a year afterward she bore him a son, the present Marshal Bazaine.

Victor Hugo was sixty-nine years old on the 26th of February. In former years he always celebrated the day with great *clat*, and a number of friends from a distance were always present at the banquet which the poet gave in the evening. This year, probably for the first time, the day, no doubt, passed off without a celebration.

The French Government has conferred the cross of the Legion of Honor upon M. San-

deau, the former law-partner of Napoleon's minister Billault, and whom the imperial government caused to be incarcerated for years in a lunatic asylum because he refused to surrender certain letters highly damaging to Billault's character.

Ex-King George V. of Hanover is said to be hopelessly insane. The poor man, it is reported, believes that he is not at his villa in Hietzing, near Vienna, but at the palace of his ancestors in Hanover. He often refuses to take food for days, and can be but rarely prevailed upon to take exercise in the open air.

When Alexandre Dumas died he owed his publishers, Michel Levy Frères, in Paris, upward of one hundred thousand francs. The publishers have informed the children of the novelist that they would not make any claim on the property left by their father.

King Victor Emmanuel is in feeble health. His physicians have recently earnestly urged him not to go any more so frequently on protracted hunting-excursions in the mountains, the hardships and privations of which his constitution is no longer able to bear.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia has declared her readiness to devote two-thirds of her whole income during the years 1871 and 1872 to the relief of the widows and orphans of German soldiers killed during the war with France.

Shortly after the conclusion of peace, Victor Hugo and his two sons, Rochefort and Blanqui, will begin, in Paris, the publication of a large eight-page daily paper, with an evening edition of half that size. Its title will be *La République*.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, who intended to purchase a chateau in the environs of Munich, has been politely informed that the Bavarian Government would prefer to have her take up her abode in some other country.

The Marquis de Galiffet, one of the favorites of the ex-Empress Eugénie, lives at present at Monaco, where he is reported to have lost his whole fortune at the public gaming-table.

The circulation of the *Indépendance Belge* increased so rapidly during the war that its stockholders received, on the 1st of January, a dividend of forty-two per cent.

Emile Ollivier, the ex-Premier of France, lives now in Switzerland, on the Lake of Geneva, and is engaged in writing a book on his career as a minister of Napoleon III.

While the German troops occupied Versailles, Edouard Laboulaye had to give board and lodging to from ten to fifteen Prussian soldiers.

The wealthiest landed proprietor in Alsace is a Jew named Lazarus Billigheimer. He is not yet sixty years old, and is worth four or five million francs.

The three Free Cities, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck, have contributed to the German War Relief Fund a larger sum than was received from the United States.

The Queen of Prussia is said to be anxious that, after the conclusion of peace, her imperial and royal husband should abdicate in favor of "Our Fritz."

Jules Favre, the French minister, has steadily refused to receive any compensation from the public treasury ever since he became a member of the cabinet.

The superstitious people of Berlin feel a little uneasy at the reported reappearance of the famous "White Lady" at the royal palace.

St. Petersburg has five daily papers, with an aggregate circulation of sixty thousand copies.

Auguste Villemot, the famous *chroniqueur* of the Paris *Temps*, committed suicide in that city during the latter part of the siege.

Bismarck's second son, who was so severely wounded in the early part of the war, will remain a cripple for life.

The Emperor Napoleon III. is growing very near-sighted. He is no longer able to read or write without using very strong spectacles.

Fifteen new daily papers have made their appearance at Rome since the Eternal City was united with the kingdom of Italy.

The French Credit Mobilier is utterly insolvent, and the Pereire Brothers are reported to be bankrupt.

The widow of Prince Félix Salm-Salm intends to return to the United States.

## Miscellany.

### The Chinese in San Francisco.

BY REV. A. P. FEARNEY, D. D.

THE Chinese form from a seventh to a fifth part of the entire population of San Francisco, and are seen in considerable numbers in all parts of California. They mingle with no other race; they learn or profess to know enough and only enough of the English tongue to transact their necessary business with their employers; and in San Francisco they live almost wholly in their own crowded quarters, which constitute in all respects a city by itself.

In the street they are the cleanest and neatest of people. Every man and boy has his queue of hair, as long as himself, nicely wrapped in silk braid, and generally rolled round the head. Their principal garment is a dark-blue, close-fitting frock. Their shoes are of silk or cloth, with felt soles.

Their houses are dirty beyond description. Scores and even hundreds of them are sometimes huddled together in the same building, with blankets for their only beds, and almost their only furniture. In these houses their simple cooking is performed in the long halls into which their apartments open, over furnaces, with no legitimate outlet for the coal-smoke, which leaves its black and greasy deposit half an inch thick on the ceiling and walls. I went into several of their fashionable restaurants, and found them hardly less filthy than their lodgings, yet with a marvellous variety of complicated and indescribable delicacies, which a year's income of the establishment might have tempted me to touch, but certainly not to taste.

Their provision shops contain little except pork, and that seldom in a form in which it would be recognized by an unpractised eye. Every part of the swine, even the coagulated blood, is utilized; and the modes in which the various portions of the beast are chopped, minced, wrapped in intestines, dried almost to petrification, commingled with nauseous seasonings, pique the curiosity as much as they offend the nostrils of the American observer.

Their theatres offer an amazing spectacle. Their performances commence early in the forenoon, and last till midnight. Their plays

are said to be historical, and they are often continued for several days. The scenery is simple, cheap, and gaudy, and is never changed. The costumes are splendid, with a vast amount of gilding and of costly materials, but inexpressibly grotesque, and many of the actors wear hideous masks. The orchestra consists of a *tomtom* (which sounds as if a huge brass kettle were lustily beaten by iron drumsticks), and several of the shrillest of wind instruments. The noise they make may be music to a Chinese ear, but it consists wholly of the harshest discords, and each performer seems to be playing on his own account, and to be intent on making all the noise he can. This noise is uninterrupted, and the actors, who are all men (men playing the female parts in costume), shout their parts above the din in a falsetto recitative, monotonous till toward the close of a speech, but uniformly winding up with a long-drawn, many-quavered whine or howl. The performance is for the most part literally acting. A crowned king or queen is commonly on the stage, and almost always comes to grief. Parties of armed men meet on the stage, hold sham fights, kick each other over, and force the sovereign into the *mills*. Then a rebel subject plants both his feet in the monarch's stomach, knocks him down, and himself falls backward in the very act. Thus the fight goes on, and gathers fury as its ranks are thinned, till at length the whole stage is covered with prostrate forms, which lie for a little while in the semblance of death, then pick themselves up, and scud off behind the scenes. The actors live in the theatre, though they might seem to have no living-room. I went into the principal theatre one morning, before the actors, who had been performing until a late hour, had risen; and I found them lying in one of the passage-ways in several tiers of holes, so nearly of the size of the human body that they could only have wormed themselves in feet first.

The Chinese exercise, with marvellous skill, all the mechanical arts and trades, and have as large a variety of shops as the Americans, with wonderfully rich assortments of goods, including works in wood-carving, ivory, and filigree, and can nowhere be surpassed in delicacy and beauty.

Their temples or joss-houses, are small upper rooms, with hideously-grinning idols, overlaid with tinsel, and covered with tawdry ornaments, on an elevated platform at the extremity of the apartment. Before these idols a dim lamp is always burning, and a table is spread for votive offerings, which are generally cups of tea or fruits.

These people are by no means unintelligent. It is said that there are none of them who cannot read, write, and cast accounts; and there are among them some men of high education, polished manners, large business, and friendly yet never intimate relations with their brother-merchants.

There is a mission-house, with a school and a chapel; but the missionary, an intelligent man and an indefatigable worker (by-the-way, my guide and mentor among the theatres and gambling-houses, in which he seemed very much at home, on the principle of becoming all things to all men), told me that he had gained a firm hold on very few; that he found it almost impossible to keep a small congregation together through a very short service, though many came in to listen for a little while; and that the slightest disturbance in the street, even the passing of a hand-organ, would empty instantly his chapel.

### A Fight with a Bear.

"I was out with another man, prospecting for gold in the woods. Somehow, we got apart

from quick ing it grizl out, a I don fired, what that to car ever, As I r me, ne "gone on, an catch on my by the he'd j paw; declar I reme was a still in him. put a on. T think where fairly c and ga over, st Prosen —' Was was m has ha friend, carry u him I v and—w took ou fore ove

We which v we ligh bread, s oned i for wh have pr simplic druggie rogues t escaped groccers, lishmen ceive, t to defra was a ti England millions wine, a of it per called b neyman with wh ing, wh stiffling afford as aside as gin-pala strength indious, tiable. minimu vitriol ar and with last to h self and few shill weekly v desperat

from each other. As I went along, I heard a quick step after me, and looked round, thinking it might be my mate coming up. It was a grizzly, running right at me, with his tongue out, and a kind of wicked look in his eye that I don't forget. I drew my six-shooter, and fired, by a sort of instinct, hardly knowing what I was about. We found out, afterward, that I had hit him; but he didn't seem much to care at the time. On he came, quickly as ever, and I took to my heels through the woods. As I ran, I could hear the brute panting behind me, nearer and nearer. I thought I was fairly 'gone up;' but the love of life made me run on, and it might have taken him some time to catch me, only I tripped over a log and fell flat on my face. In a second the bear had me fast by the leg. It was well I was on my face; or he'd just have scratched me open with his paw; for that's the way they like to begin. I declare to you, as he shook me and gnawed me, I remember swearing at the brute, just as if he was a man and understood. The pistol was still in my hand, and I put another bullet into him. He went on chawing at my leg. So I put a third bullet into him. He just chawed on. Then I remember thinking—though the thinking didn't take long, you may be sure—where I should have my last shot, before I fairly caved in. I chose a spot behind the ear, and gave him a fourth barrel. The brute fell over, stone dead; and I was able to get up. Presently, up came my friend, calling out—'Was that you firing?'—'Yes,' I said, 'that was me firing.'—'What at?'—'Why a grizzly has had me down, and I've shot him.' My friend, seeing my leg bleeding, wanted to carry me off at once to the wagon; but I told him I wouldn't stir till I had that brute's skin; and—would you believe it?—we just sat down, took our knives out, and skinned the bear, before ever we moved from the spot.

#### English Adulterations.

We Londoners are poisoned in the water which we drink, poisoned in the gas with which we light our houses, we are poisoned in our bread, poisoned in our milk and butter, poisoned in our beer, poisoned in the remedies for which, when these horrible compounds have produced their consequences, we in our simplicity apply to our druggists, while the druggists are in turn cheated by the swindling rogues that supply their medicines. We have escaped, some of us, out of the hands of our grocers, for in despair we have set up establishments of our own. The grocers, we perceive, threaten us with actions for conspiring to defraud them of their honest gains. There was a time when drunkenness was as rare in England as it is now in France or Spain. Eighty millions a year are now spent among us upon wine, and spirits, and malt liquor, five-sixths of it perhaps by the working-men upon stuff called beer and gin. The artisan or the journeyman, exhausted by the gas-poisoned air with which his lungs are loaded, and shrinking, when his day's work is over, from the stifling chamber which is all that society can afford as lodging for him and his family, turns aside as he goes home to the pot-house or the gin-palace. His watered beer is raised to double strength again by nux-vomica and cocculus indicus, and salted to make his thirst insatiable. His gin is yet some viler mixture—a minimum of pure spirit seasoned with white vitriol and oil of cinnamon and cayenne. Drunk, and with empty pockets, he staggers home at last to his wife, who must feed and clothe herself and him and his miserable family with the few shillings which she can rescue out of his weekly wages. She, too, often enough, grows desperate, and takes to drinking also. The

result is, that half the children born in England die before they are five years old. The death-rate over the whole country is double the death-rate in Canada. And a minister of state rises in his place in Parliament and declares, amid general cheering, that the condition of the working-classes is supremely satisfactory, and that he holds convincing proof of it in the increasing returns from the excise!

#### Jim Bludso.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,  
Because he don't live, you see;  
Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
Of livin' like you and me.  
Whar have you been for the last three year,  
That you haven't heard folks tell  
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,  
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers  
Is all pretty much alike—  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,  
And another one here, in Pike.  
A keerness man in his talk was Jim,  
And an awkward man in a row;  
But he never flunked, and he never lied—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—  
To treat his engine well;  
Never be passed on the river;  
To mind the pilot's bell;  
And, if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,  
A thousand times he swore,  
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,  
And her day come at last:  
The Movastar was a better boat,  
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed;  
And so she come tearin' along that night—  
The oldest craft on the line—  
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,  
And her furnace crammed with rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,  
And burnt a hole in the night,  
And quick as a flash she turned, and made  
For that willer-bank on the right.  
There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled  
out,  
Over all the infernal roar:  
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore!"

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'  
boat,  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smoke-stacks fell—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment  
I'd run my chance with Jim,  
'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
That wouldn't shook hands with him.  
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,  
And went for it thar and then;  
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard  
On a man that died for men.

#### The Emperor of Germany.

The history of this venerable old title affords, no doubt, strong and singular evidence of the durability of ancient impressions of superstitious loyalty. A philosopher may think as he pleases of a title, but the owner of it possesses a power in the world which even the philosopher cannot afford to ignore. The Roman military name of imperator passed to the

sovereigns of the Roman world; its honor was divided, A. D. 395, between the Emperors of the East and West; died out in the West in 475; was renewed by Charlemagne in 800. But then, and for centuries after, it implied some sort of imaginary divine right of government over Western Christendom in general—a Christian caliphate, so to speak. And for seven centuries no German emperor was so styled until he had been crowned in, or at least visited, Rome. The successors of Charlemagne and Otho, says Gibbon, "were content with the humble names of Kings of Germany and Italy till they had passed the Alps and the Apennines to seek their imperial crown on the banks of the Tiber." Maximilian I., Mr. Carlyle's favorite "White King," was the first to break through this venerable usage in 1493, styling himself "Roman Emperor elect," and thereby to dissolve the imaginary connection between temporal and spiritual. Charles V., his son, reverted to the old practice; but with him it ended. Ever since his time even the antiquarian connection between Germany and Rome has ceased. And it is remarkable, as bearing on present contingencies, that, although by old recognized usage certain special characteristics are required in the personage who aspires to the dignity, he must be a Frank or a German by descent, of noble birth, eighteen years of age, a layman, and, according to the Golden Bull, a "righteous, good, and disinterested man;" there is no prescription to which confession he should belong. Ever since the Peace of Westphalia the electors might lawfully have chosen a Protestant; but the ceremonies to be observed at the coronation evidently imply that the recipient of the honor belongs to the Church of Rome. There is certainly something of an anachronism and an anomaly to enthusiastic minds of antiquarian tastes in the idea of a Protestant Emperor of Germany; though why more so than in that of Protestant abbots and abbesses, canons and canonesses, all of whom have existed in Goethe's "many-colored" old empire, it would be difficult to say.

#### A New Anecdote of the Revolution.

When Washington determined to cross the Delaware and surprise the Hessians at Trenton, his plans were discovered in some way by a Tory family living on the Pennsylvania side. A young man of this family was dispatched across the river to warn the Hessian commander, Colonel Rahl. He reached Trenton in safety, and, going to Colonel Rahl's headquarters, asked for an interview. This was refused by the sentry at the door, who said that the colonel could not be disturbed, that he was particularly engaged. After several ineffectual efforts to obtain an audience, the young man went away, leaving a note, with the request that it should be given to Rahl immediately. This note contained the information that Washington would cross the river that very night. It was carried to the colonel, who was engrossed by a game of chess. Hearing that it had been left by a young man, and apprehending no danger, he put it into his pocket, and went on with the game. Before morning light he was roused by the fierce attack of the Americans, who drove in his pickets, and came suddenly upon the main body of the bewildered Hessians, who fled in all directions. Colonel Rahl mounted his horse, gallantly but vainly endeavored to rally his disordered troops, and, as he rode back toward Trenton, after going some distance into the country, he was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. He fell from his horse, was carried into a house (still pointed out), and died. In his pocket, after death, was found *unopened* the very note



the young man had left for him the night before. So the story runs.

#### The New King of Spain.

A letter from Madrid, of January 7th, says: "The young king is winning the hearts of all by his simplicity, generosity, and good-nature. On Monday he took possession of his palace. On Tuesday he sent away all the cannon in front of it, and all the guards inside except fifty. The dinner-carte of twenty-four dishes he has cut down to four, and he has shut up half the apartments in the palace destined for the use of the royal family. He refuses to be driven with more than two horses, or with more accompaniment than an outrider in front and a lackey behind, with but one or two of his adjutants inside with him. Fearfully cold as it has been, he insists on an open carriage. He rises early. The first morning he called for his breakfast at seven. It was not ready. The mayordomo told him they had not expected his majesty would breakfast till eleven or twelve. Off goes the king, with one adjutant, to the Hôtel de Paris, and breakfasts there! He orders the palace-gates to be locked and the lights put out at midnight. He himself, so far, has retired to rest soon after ten. These unroyal habits, or, I may better say, un-Spanish habits (for here the natives breakfast at eleven, and go to bed when the cock crows), are creating great astonishment. He has had one or two receptions of officials, at which he has abolished the hand-kissing of royalty for the hand-shaking of democracy. He yesterday gave one thousand pounds to the poor of Madrid, and another thousand pounds to the needy among the citizen militia. He is soon to hold a review of the troops, and insists on reviewing the militia also. He walks about the streets, goes visiting and shopping without any escort, and accompanied by only one or two adjutants. . . . Learning that the public school-masters are many months behindhand in their pay, he has told Minister Moret he will touch none of his pay till their claims are satisfied."

#### Cruikshank and Dickens.

An American in England, who had laid a wager that Cruikshank had illustrated six of Dickens's works, wrote to the artist, and received the following answer:

205 HAMPSHIRE ROAD, N. W. (LONDON),  
November 12, 1870.

DEAR SIR: You have lost your wager, for I did not illustrate the works of the late Mr. Charles Dickens to the extent that most people suppose; but I am not surprised at the fact of their being mislaid, for the other artists employed upon his works imitated my style as closely as possible, and hence the public supposed—as Dickens wrote under the name of "Box"—that I designed and etched under the name of "Phiz," but who was a very clever artist of the name of Hablot K. Browne. I was, however, the first artist to illustrate any of Mr. Dickens's writings, and the earliest of these was the first volume of "Sketches by Boz" (January, 1836), and the next was the second volume under this title, the greater part of which was written from my hints and suggestions. Some time after this, Mr. Bentley started his *Miscellany*, appointing Mr. Dickens as editor, and myself as illustrator; and the first plate in that work is a design of mine, which Mr. Dickens wrote up to. There was also a woodcut of a beadle, etc. Then followed (1839) "Oliver Twist," which was entirely my own idea and suggestion, and all the characters are mine. And this will account for the fact of "Oliver Twist" being very different from

any of his other writings. When Mr. McCrone, the publisher, died (he having published the "Sketches by Boz"), a volume was brought out for the benefit of his widow. Mr. Dickens wrote some part of this, which I illustrated—and these are all the designs and etchings that I did to illustrate the works of that author. I am preparing to publish an explanation of the reason why I did not illustrate the whole of Mr. Dickens's writings, and this explanation will not at all redound to his credit. With respect to the American editions of Mr. Dickens's works, there may be copies of some of my designs therein, but none by the hand of, dear sir, yours truly,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

#### Ruloff.

That a high development of the intellect is compatible with unspeakable corruption of heart, is well exemplified in the case of Edward H. Ruloff, the murderer. It is often assumed that, if men devote themselves to science and the higher departments of literature, it is sufficient evidence that they are actuated by sound moral principles, and incapable of great crimes. Ruloff understands this, and points triumphantly to the fact that no small portion of his life has been spent in scientific pursuits. At his recent trial he referred to his work on the origin of language, and asked if it was probable that a man engaged in such pursuits could be a burglar and a murderer. An artist of no mean skill, the master of six or seven languages, an author, versed in legal lore, he would pass in any ordinary society as an intelligent, highly-educated man. And yet the evidence appears conclusive that his life has been filled with the darkest deeds; that he has associated with robbers and cut-throats, plotting crimes for them to execute; that, after living with his wife for two years, he murdered her and her infant daughter, and sunk their bodies in the waters of Cayuga Lake; and that he recently murdered a clerk who was guarding his employer's property—that he is, in short, another Eugene Aram. It had been the firm conviction of many persons for years that he was supremely wicked; but his education and accomplishments shielded him. With all the evidences of his guilt before us, it is difficult to believe that a man who has devoted so many years to intellectual studies, and is so absorbed in them that while confronting death he pursues them, and weeps only at the thought that he may have to leave unfinished a literary work on which he is engaged, has been guilty of the crimes charged against him.

#### Cigars and Beards.

It took a long time to establish free trade in tobacco and hair among the habits of English society. A cigar and a beard, a few years back, were considered indications of skeptical views and socialistic tendencies. Few men were to be seen smoking in public; and one only in London had the courage to defy the multitude by wearing a beard. He was then member for a manufacturing constituency. He did not live to see the change which occurred a few years later. The beard, which had subjected him to so much abuse, cropped out in the army, the navy, and the civil population. It was suddenly discovered to be convenient and ornamental; and the faculty pronounced it to be a natural respirator.

The baker wore it to exclude the flour from his lungs; the railway-guard to keep off the biting wind; the dandy to acquire manly beauty; and the gentleman with a mouth like the orifice of a carpet-bag, garnished with a double row of piano-forte keys, resorted to a beard to hide the sharps and flats from the public eye.

The bar made a move; but it was repressed by the stern attitude of the judges. False hair on the head might be necessary, but real hair on the chin was too bad.

The churchmen were bolder and more successful. They remembered that, though Joseph shaved, tradition has led to the belief that other Scriptural characters did not. Thus encouraged, they dared to brave the frowns of the bishops; and long beards now wag from many a British pulpit.

There was a fall in the value of razors; and an American gentleman of that day, stroking a long fringe that covered his throat, was heard to remark that "shaving is labor without wages, and that the material you cut off is of no value in the market."

#### How to get the Men to Church.

"My dear parson, I am delighted with your sentiments," said the professor, confidentially, as they walked together into the smoking-room. "They have given me so much pleasure that, in return, I must communicate to you an important secret. It's a scheme I have long entertained for setting the Church of England on its legs again."

"Sir!" ejaculated the divine, indignantly. "It can stand perfectly well without your help, I do assure you. The religious census returns—"

"My good sir," interrupted the professor, "that counts the ladies. There is no doubt whatever that a great number of females do attend the services of the Church; but, unhappily, if you glance round you, even from your own pulpit, you see many more bonnets than bare heads. Come, confess it. The men don't come as they should do."

"Well, then—for argument's sake—they don't."

"Just so. Now, I've a plan to make them."

"Some new-fangled absurdity of yours, professor, I'm afraid."

"Not at all, my dear sir. I propose to revive an old and revered custom, which is spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as being in use in some of the out-of-the-way kirks in Scotland—those, I suppose, 'above the pass.' If you will only adopt it, I promise you would get nine male hearers where you now get one. It's nothing wrong, as you think; it's something we are just about to do ourselves." Here the professor dropped his voice to a stage-whisper—"Let 'em smoke!"

#### Condition of England.

When the last shot had been fired at Waterloo, Great Britain was indisputably the first power in the world. From that day to this we have run a career, almost without a check, of what has been called unexampled prosperity. Yet at the end of these fifty-five years English officers tell us that they can scarcely show their faces at the *table d'hôte* in Germany without danger of affront. English opinion is without weight. English power is ridiculed. Our influence in the councils of Europe is a thing of the past. We are told, half officially, that it is time for us to withdraw altogether from the concerns of the Continent; while on the other side of the Atlantic Mr. Emerson calmly intimates to an approving audience that the time is not far off when the Union must throw its protecting shield over us in our forlorn decrepitude. We are still able to make ourselves hated; we cannot save ourselves from being despised; and, however we may resent the attitude which the world is assuming toward us, we are painfully aware that we owe our exemption from immediate danger to our geographical position alone, and that, if our feet were

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accidentally disabled, and a well-appointed army of a hundred thousand men were thrown upon our shores, we could offer no effective resistance.—*J. A. Froude.*

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new poem, "Napoleon Fallen," closes with a chorus, or epode, giving a lyrical description of the millennium. It is interesting to observe that he is sound on the woman-question; although rather perplexing to be told in one stanza that there are to be marts, and in the other that there shall be neither buying nor selling in the New Jerusalem:

"In the fair city then,  
Shall walk white-robed men,  
Washed in the river of peace that watereth it;  
Woman with man shall meet  
Freely in mart and street,  
At the great council-board woman with man shall sit.

"Hunger and thirst and sin  
Shall never pass therein;  
Fed with pure dews of love, children shall grow;  
Naught shall be bought and sold,  
Naught shall be given for gold,  
All shall be bright as day, all shall be white as snow."

## Varieties.

THE most beautiful girl in the United States lives near Lincoln, Ill. Her hair is of that particular hue that a field of ripe wheat throws toward the setting sun. Her eyes send forth a light so effulgent and magnetic, that strangers become spellbound under its influence, and stand rudely gazing. Her cheeks bear a bloom like the sunny side of an early peach. A pearl would seem almost black beside her teeth. Her form is so graceful that men worship her before seeing her face. Her hands suggest the idea of waxen fingers tipped with vermillion. Her smile seems actually to illuminate her presence; and when she laughs, the listener fancies he hears sweet music in the distance.

An Icelandic, referring to the fact that the singing of swans has long been asserted by naturalists to be a vulgar error, writes to *Nature* to say that these birds actually do sing, and that he has heard them. In a shallow frith on the west coast of Iceland, near which he lived for nine years, hundreds of swans gather during the summer months, and he asserts that in the morning their singing is so loud that it can be heard miles away, and the mountains on both sides ring with the echo of it; and it does not at all resemble the cackling of geese, or the quacking of ducks.

A romantic story comes from the African diamond-fields. A sweet-looking Koranna girl went to a young Englishman's claim and began hunting for diamonds. He was too gallant to drive away a girl, and, when she picked up a gem, he promptly offered his hand in marriage, and vows he will introduce his wife to his gentle English family as an African princess.

The curious fact that a needle or other steel wire inserted in a living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, no oxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Dr. Laborde, of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in cases of trance or catalepsy.

A Moravian missionary, after forty years' work in Greenland, reports: "In all Greenland there is but one station in the neighborhood of which there are heathens. With this exception, all the Greenlanders now profess Christianity." What shall we do with the popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains!"

The completest pun in the records of literature is produced in the following words, which were inscribed on a tea-chest: "*Tu doces*," which is the second person singular, present tense of the Latin verb *docere*, I teach; and when literally translated, becomes "Thou teachest."

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him. "Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

They are exhibiting a panorama of New-York City in the South which gives a view of more than ten thousand houses and carriages and upward of one hundred thousand of its people, seven and a half miles of shipping and steamers, processions, military companies, bands of music, etc.

Out West they tell a story about a dog which was greatly interested in music. He attended a singing-school, and was subsequently found in the back-yard with a music-book in front of him, beating time with his tail on a tin-pan, and howling "Old Hundred." A fact for Darwin.

A striking illustration of the saying, "The pith of a lady's letter is in the postscript," was that of a young lady, who, having gone out to India, and, writing home to her friends, concluded with the following words: "P. S. You will see by my signature that I am married."

The only chapter in the Bible (the last chapter of Proverbs) written by a woman (the mother of King Lemuel) contains a plea for woman's wages: "Give her the fruit of her hand, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

A wonderful brick-machine has been devised by a French prisoner in Magdeburg, since his confinement there. Before the war, he was a poor day-laborer; but he has sold his invention to a German firm for fifteen thousand thalers.

A Virginia paper cites as a remarkable instance of the efficacy of abstaining from medicine a lady in that State who has reached the age of ninety-six, and throughout all the long years of her life has taken but three pills, and has buried three husbands.

It is said that the reason why the Russian Government is so slow in availing itself of the advantages of the electric telegraph is that they object to one of the important preliminary arrangements, namely—the elevation of the Poles.

There is a paper printed in the Cherokee Nation in the "native dialect." An Arkansas editor says: "It is the worst specimen of pickled tongue we ever saw. It looks as though a nitro-glycerine explosion had occurred in a type-foundry."

A court, in Michigan, has decided that a physician is not warrantor or insurer of a case, and he is not to be tried for the result of his remedies. His only contract and duty is to treat the case with reasonable diligence and skill.

Military men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication. It is nothing more than raw potatoes cut up into slices, and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

It is a curious fact that most of the great musical composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, Spontini, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann, are among the instances.

A Frenchman is content with one-sixth of a pound of animal food per day, an Englishman consumes not less than half a pound, and an American demands from half a pound to a pound.

George Eliot hints that the rustic practice of chewing the end of a straw may be some faint reminiscence of the time when the human animal was gaminivorous.

There is a Servian prince in the Prussian army whose name is so long, that a company of engineers have been ordered to level down the consonants and use it as a pontoon-bridge.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune. The meaning of this proverb appears to be this—that it is much safer to go over the seas than to get half-seas over.

A young lady wrote some verses for a country weekly about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair gray, when it appeared in print "My 30th."

A Boston lecturer says he lived next door to Hawthorne for four years, and saw him only twice in all that time. Hawthorne always was rather lucky.

Rochester calls itself the "Flour City," or the "Flower City," just as it chooses, for it is unequalled in the country both for the extent of its mills and its nurseries.

It is said that in Belgium the butchers habitually use laurel-oil on the door-posts and windows, with great success, for the purpose of keeping away flies.

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own, without remembering other men's wives.

*Nurse:* "I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant."

*Master Alfred:* "It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

In Canada all women, whether maids, wives, or widows, who pay taxes in their own right, are entitled by law to vote for school-inspectors.

When Oscar Hayes, an old body-servant of ex-President Polk, died not long ago in Columbia, Tennessee, the town was draped in mourning.

About one hundred persons in New-York City profess the faith of the "Orthodox Greek" Church.

A poem in an agricultural paper, called "Song of the Farmer Boy," very appropriately commences with "Ho! brothers, ho!"

A catalogue of eighteen hundred and twenty-three works on the occult sciences has been printed at Moscow.

The Zoological Garden, in Florence, has just had the first success in Europe in breeding ostriches.

Rain is annually becoming more frequent in Egypt, in consequence of an extensive increase in the cultivation of the palm there.

The asphalt pavements in Paris, during the siege, were, it is stated, exclusively used for fuel in the chocolate-factories.

A Chicago girl says she does not get married for the reason that she does not know whose husband she might be marrying.

A great financial reformer is so devoted to figures that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A Richmond writer advocates charging an admission fee to church service, instead of selling pews yearly.

What Columbus did—a notion crossed him and he crossed an ocean.

If a woman were to change her sex, she would be a he-then.

A little girl wanted her father to go to the *loafer's* and get a loaf of bread.

The worst kind of education—to be brought up by a policeman.

Common suers—lawyers.

London has ten thousand attorneys.

## The Museum.

THE Nicobar Islands lie thirty miles south of the Andaman group, in the Bay of Bengal, and consist of nine tolerably large islands. They are very fertile, and the natives are a fine, tall race, copper-colored, and very much superior to the Mincopies of the Andaman Islands. The men are peculiarly large about the breasts, at a distance resembling women; they wear their hair

long, parted in the middle, and have no beards. They have one striking peculiarity of dress. In lieu of clothes, the men wear a strip of cloth, never more than two inches wide. This is passed round the waist, under the legs in front, and tucked through itself behind, the end being left as long as possible. They place great value on the length of this appendage, and he is the best-dressed man who wears it the longest; some of the wealthy among them wearing it dragging along the ground for several feet, like a European lady's train. The women do not wear pendants like the men, but have a plaited grass girdle. The character of the Nicobarians is very gentle; they are usually agreeable and hospitable when they suppose no harm is intended. The native weapons of the Nicobarians are very curious. As the people are not of a warlike character, their weapons are used almost exclusively for killing game. The most formidable is a tolerably large spear, headed with iron, which is used for killing hogs, and is thrown like the *assegai* of Southern Africa. They have also a smaller javelin for fish-killing, and a number of many-pointed hand-spears for the same purpose. The most remarkable of their weapons is a cross-bow; it is not very powerful, and only propels a small arrow. Its chief use is in killing birds. Besides those weapons, every man carries a cutlass-blade

from which the hilt has been removed, and a handle roughly made by wrapping some six inches of the butt with cocoa-nut fibre. It is intended not so much as a weapon as a tool, and with it the natives cut down trees, carve their canoes, and perform similar operations.

The architecture of the Nicobarians is sin-

gular. The native architect begins by fixing a number of posts in the ground, and erecting on them a platform of split bamboo. Over this platform he builds a roof shaped exactly like a beehive, and his house is then complete. The bamboo platform is the floor of the hut, and, being elastic as well as firm, serves also for a

bed. To this hut the native ascends by a primitive sort of ladder, and passes into the chamber through a hole cut in the floor. The huts are kept peculiarly neat and clean. The open space between the floor and the ground is far too valuable not to be utilized, as it affords a cool and airy shelter from the sunbeams. Under this floor is suspended a primitive sort of hammock, which is a board about six feet in length, slung by ropes. In, or rather on, this very uncomfortable hammock the Nicobarian likes to lounge away his time, dozing throughout the hot hours of the day, sipping palm-wine at intervals, and smoking without cessation. The canoes of the Nicobarians are hollowed out of the trunks of trees, and supported by a slight outrigger. They have a very high and ornamental prow, and are propelled by short paddles. They are very light, and, when properly manned, skim over the water at an astonishing pace. Some of them are nearly sixty feet in length, while others are barely six or seven feet long, and only intended for one person.



A Scene in the Nicobar Islands.

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